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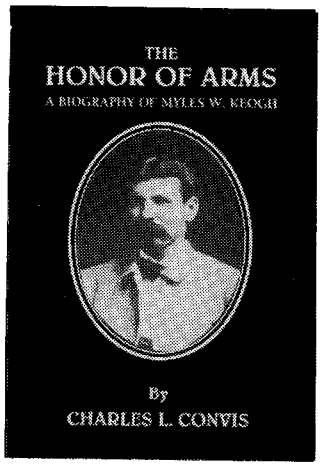

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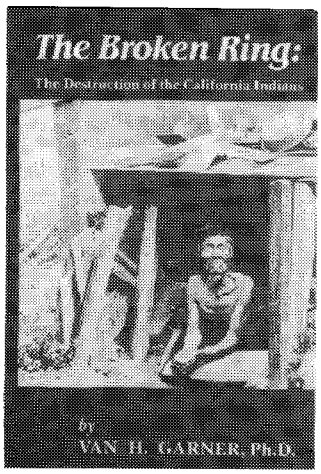

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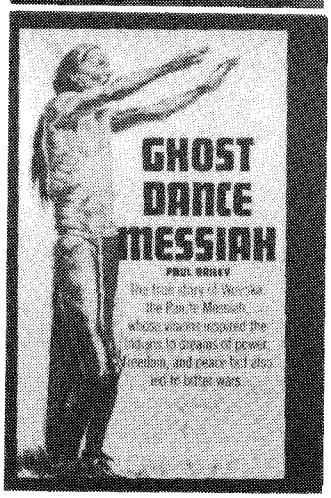

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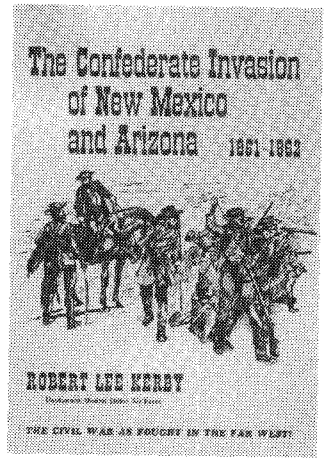

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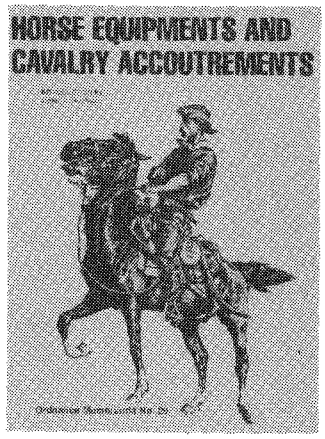

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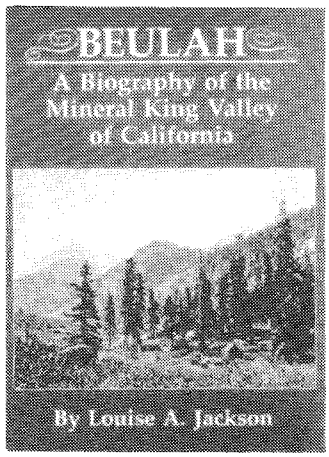

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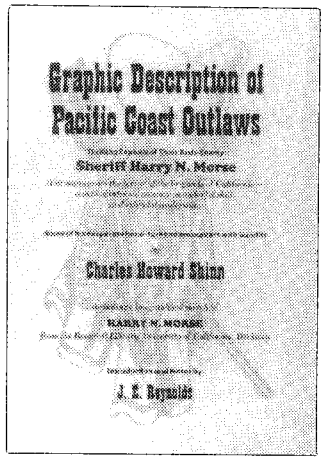

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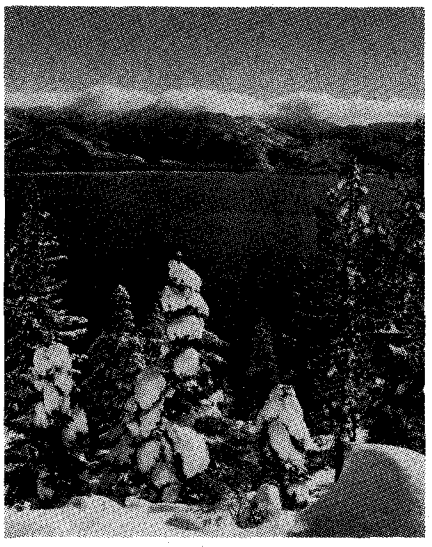

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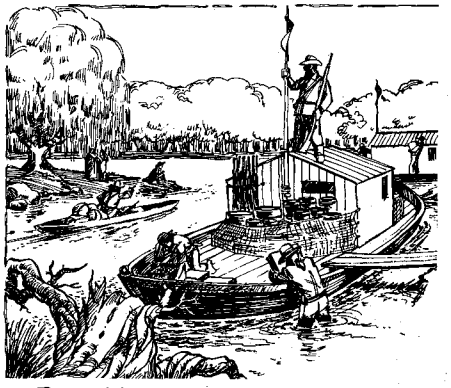

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From the Editor

Howdy, folks!

Now, about those footnotes at the end of "Showdown at San Vicente," Anne Meadows and Dan Buck's article on the evidence that Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid died during a shootout in Bolivia: no, we're not trying to be a high-falutin' academic journal; no, I didn't include them just to kill space at the end of the layout; and no, definitely no, I don't plan to make a habit of running footnotes with future articles.

A few years back, we tried running footnotes with all of our feature articles, and it simply didn't work. I should have known it wouldn't, because sometime in this magazine's early history, founder Joe "Hosstail" Small contemplated including footnotes. His friend, the noted historian Dr. Walter Prescott Webb, wisely insisted, "Joe, you can't sell footnotes on the newsstand." Since my own failed experiment with footnotes, I've adopted that quote as my motto.

Once in a while, though, an article comes along with so much new and important and potentially controversial material that I just have to include the footnotes. Such is the case with "Showdown at San Vicente." Anyone who pays the least attention to western history knows that the demise of the two most famous Wild Bunch members is one of the West's oldest mysteries. Though it has long been reported that Butch and Sundance died in a shootout in South America, no one ever has proved it conclusively. Over the years, researchers inevitably arrived at other theories concerning Butch's and Sundance's fates. The storm has grown increasingly violent since the release of the movie, *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, some twenty years ago.

Anyone who pays the least attention to western history also knows that last spring a team of forensic scientists exhumed skeletal remains from the San Vicente cemetery in an effort to determine if they might be those of Butch and Sundance. The results of the forensic tests are supposed to be announced sometime this spring on the PBS television series, *Nova*, which sponsored the excavations and the scientific work.

Lost among all the sensational publicity that is bound to result whenever the bones (or the potential bones) of famous people are dug up and analyzed, was the fact that it was Meadows and Buck's work which led to the possible gravesites in the first place. Also lost among all the uproar over the forensics is the fact that Anne and Dan have conducted a massive (and ongoing) research effort on the scene in South America requiring determined legwork, inspired detective work, and hours of plain old dirty work sifting through aging records.

So, I wanted Anne and Dan to present their historical evidence that Butch and Sundance died in Bolivia before the results of the scientific study are announced, before the excitement of analyzing the bones overshadows the less glamorous work of the historian, and before folks lose sight of the fact that even if the bones turn out not to belong to Butch and Sundance the two bandits might well be buried among the jumble of other graves at San Vicente.

The article is likely to settle the question of Butch's and Sundance's fates in some circles. It likely will stir even greater controversy in others. I got a sample of that when we ran an earlier article by Anne and Dan, "Where Lies Butch Cassidy?" in the Fall 1991 issue of TRUE WEST's companion publication, OLD WEST. Although that article was not nearly as detailed as "Showdown at San Vicente," several readers wrote letters asking for Dan and Anne's sources. When Dan answered in the somewhat general terms necessary in our letters to the editor column, at least one reader remained unconvinced. He demanded specific documentation, arguing, in essence, "Those are some mighty tall claims, and I want proof."

So, for better or worse, this time around we're including thorough documentation "right off the reel," as my father-in-law would say. Those of you who insist on knowing where Anne and Dan got their facts will find a complete list of sources in the footnotes. Those of you who don't give a durn about footnotes can ignore 'em.

One way or another, though, I hope you'll read the article and enjoy it, for in years to come it's sure to become one of the centerpieces of Wild Bunch research. It's also a shining example of just how much supposedly "lost" history can be tracked down if someone just bothers to look for it.

John Joerschke

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A Wish Come True

Ever since I read "Jerome, Arizona, and the Little Daisy Hotel," by John A. Sawyer (TRUE WEST, June 1987), I've wanted to go to Jerome. I'm happy to say that I just got home from that trip, and it was wonderful. The hotel was a beautiful sight on the hillside.

I like the idea of a summer travel section. It gives us Easterners ideas for our vacations. Thank you for such an enjoyable magazine.—**Marcia Little, 37 Black Oak Drive, Hollis, New Hampshire 03049.**

Of Firearms and Photographs

The photograph that appeared with Richard Patterson's article, "The Pinkertons and the Train Robbers," on page seventeen of the August TRUE WEST is definitely reversed (see "Truly Western, TRUE WEST, November 1992). Assuming 1871 is the correct date for the photograph, the firearms held by William A. Pinkerton and the man to his left are Model 1866 Winchester carbines. The Henry rifles never had a side loading gate but instead loaded from the front of the tubular magazine under the barrel. They also did not have wooden forestocks or saddle rings. Two of the improvements in the Model 1866, which was the first Winchester referred to by that name, were the side loading gate, also known as King's Improvement, and the wooden forestock. The loading gate was only on the right side, and the saddle ring on the left. A saddle ring is visible on the carbine held muzzle down at the right edge of the photograph.

It is hard to tell from the photograph, but the carbine William A. Pinkerton is holding appears to have a side plate on the frame. If so, it is a Model 1873 carbine and the photograph could not have been made in 1871. The lever on the muzzle down carbine appears to be the Model 1866 style. It is possible, of course, that both models were present.

On another note, I read with great interest Leon Day's article, "What Long Shot at Adobe Walls?" (TRUE WEST, March 1992). About thirty-five years ago I saw a Sharps rifle that was purported to be the one Billy Dixon used to make that famous shot. At that time it was in the possession of an old gentleman named Ramsey who lived in Portsmouth, Ohio. He had a house full of old guns and was very gracious to a

Courtesy of Marcia Little

A 1987 article on Jerome, Arizona, inspired reader Marcia Little to see it with her own eyes.

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young fellow who had become enamored with old firearms and their lore.

Mr. Ramsey passed away a few years later, and I understand he left the Dixon Sharps to an artist friend in Columbus, Ohio. I have no idea of its whereabouts today.

I enjoy your magazine very much.—**Thomas W. Wilson, 216 Chestnut Street, Huntington, West Virginia 25705.**

The Ballad of Jesse James

A syndicated news story which reached our shores quoted your magazine as its major source of information on the bombing of the James family home in Kearney, Missouri ("Allan Pinkerton and the Raid on Castle James," by Ted Yeatman and "The 'Greek Fire' Bomb," by Fred R. Egloff, TRUE WEST, October 1992).

I have written a new verse for the traditional American ballad entitled "Jesse James." It goes:

Till 1992, the people never knew
Federal agents bombed Jesse's home
They killed his eight-year-old half-brother
And maimed Jesse's mother
Jesse wasn't there to pay his dues.

The verse should be sung before the one which begins, "The people held their breath when they heard of Jesse's death."

Wishing you all the best.—**Peter Robinson, 5 Corroboree Park, Ainslie ACT 2602, Australia.**

New World Order

Please cancel my subscription to TRUE WEST. I no longer wish to receive your magazine, as I am opposed to the "New World Order" philosophy which you have begun to promote in the past couple years.

Our forefathers shed their blood and sweat to secure the West. They met their enemies with respect but disdain for those who would challenge their moral and technological superiority. They realized the law of nature mandates that the spider eats the fly, and lost no sleep over it.

Many of your now "politically correct" articles stress an exaggerated role of the black man in the West's development and the plight of "those poor Indians" we virtually raped, who lived "in tune" with nature, not harming the environment. You may be able to rewrite history, but you'll never be able to

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After waiting almost forty years to see a photo of Wyatt Earp's tombstone in TRUE WEST, long-time reader Fred DelSarto took matters into his own hands.

change the way it really was. If you have no respect for the heroes of our past and their philosophy, you obviously have no respect for yourselves.

Next time you look up and see a supersonic jet passing, just tell yourself, "There goes the white man"!—**Scott Fountain, Box 1000, Marion, Illinois 62959.**

Wyatt Earp's Tombstone

Although I've subscribed to TRUE WEST since the early 1950s, I don't recall that you've ever published a picture of Wyatt Earp's tombstone, so I'm enclosing one. Wyatt's grave is in the Hills of Eternity memorial park at Colma, five miles south of San Francisco.—**Fred DelSarto, 504 C Street, Colma, California 94014.**

Revisionist Trash

I have enjoyed the issues of TRUE WEST that I have seen thus far, but I must protest that some of the books advertised stand in need of serious reviewing. First, in the advertisement for *Ghost Dance Messiah*, I object to

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calling Wovoka a "Jesus." There is only one Jesus, and that is the one worshipped by the brave people who built the Republic. Period.

Second, the advertisement for *The Broken Ring: The Destruction of the California Indians* states that the California Indians were "brutalized" by the federal reservation system. Hardly. But if they had been, it would have been justified. Whoever writes these books about Indians obviously is either an American Indian Movement propagandist (like the contemptible Dee Brown) or is ignorant of the true nature of the Indian pagan and lives on *Dances With Wolves* disinformation.

Third, about this guy Keogh in *The Honor of Arms: A Biography of Myles W. Keogh.* If the only sources are Indian, then they are debatable. They had no idea at all that it was Custer's command that they were fighting, and Custer himself was the bravest man they ever fought. Indeed, all our troops were braver than the Indians, and more humane and noble, too.

Please keep up the material about Custer, who was a real American hero and a great soldier and patriot—despite revisionist trash that fools no one. God bless.—**Sharon Faulkner, 1509 South D Place, Portales, New Mexico 88130.**

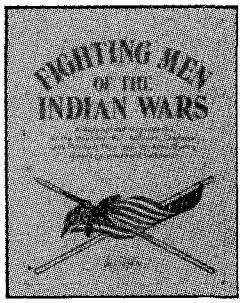
The Hoax That Won't Die

It was interesting to read your special October issue on the James brothers. It reminded me of a question I've been meaning to ask ever since last summer when I read an article about a man named J. Frank Dalton. In 1948 Dalton claimed to be the 101-year-old Jesse James. His scars allegedly matched Jesse's, and supposedly no one was ever able definitely to expose him as a fake. He died in 1951. How about it? What do you think?—**Thomas Quinn, 3605 Arctic Boulevard, Anchorage, Alaska 99503.**

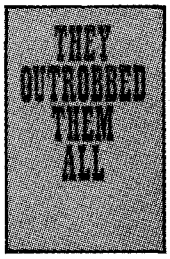
Editor's Note: Buffalo chips.

(For more, please read "The Great Outlaw Hoax," by Steve Eng in the February 1986 TRUE WEST.)

Your letters and comments are welcome. Please keep letters to 300 words or less. All letters received by Western Publications will be considered for publication unless otherwise stipulated in the letter. Space does not permit us to print all letters we receive. Be sure to include full name, address, and zip code. Photos welcome. Address all letters to Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076.



Fighting Men of the Indian Wars: A Biographical Encyclopedia of the Mountain Men, Soldiers, Cowboys, and Pioneers Who Took Up Arms During America's Western Expansion. *By Bill O'Neal.* Includes all major battles and many minor skirmishes, extraordinary exploits of warriors and white men, combat techniques, and more. An indispensible addition to every western library. First ed., 42 photos, 8 x 10, 272 pages. **$26.95 Cloth**



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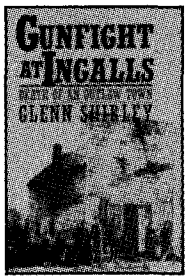

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Museum Showcases Kansas History

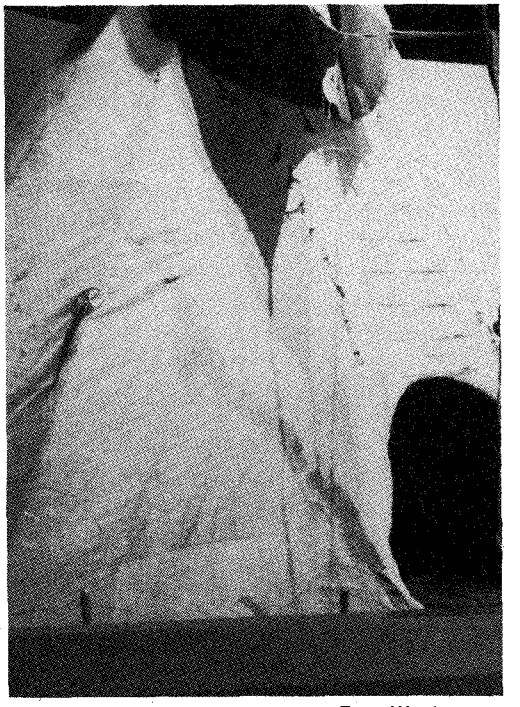
From bison to biplanes and Cheyennes to settlers, the history of Kansas is undeniably rich. The Kansas Museum of History in Topeka houses a large cross-section of that history, much of it in impressive, life-size displays.

Displays of Kansas "housing" take prominence in the library. In one section, a Southern Cheyenne buffalo hide tepee rises from the museum gallery floor as tepees once did from the Kansas plains. In another section is the reconstructed interior of a settlers' log cabin, complete with an upstairs bedroom and decorations including a rifle above the door. Finally, the museum is also home to a reconstructed sod house of the type most commonly seen on Kansas' treeless prairies.

Other exhibits focus on transportation. An 1880 Santa Fe locomotive dominates the museum's gallery, highlighting the importance of railroads to Kansas' settlement, while a biplane from the early twentieth century hangs nearby. A more primitive form of transportation, a Concord "mud wagon," sits preserved in a display case. Mud wagons carried travelers along the muddy, rough roads of Kansas and Colorado in the latter nineteenth century. Displays also include one on Kansas soldiers in the Civil War, a Kansas windmill, and farm equipment.

A special exhibit, "The Painted Words of the Plains Indians," continues at the museum through May 24. The exhibit features the painted pictures and symbols of North American Plains Indians. Recorded in ledger books and on muslin, hides, and other materials, the pictures served a variety of uses among Plains Indians, including prayer, communication, history, and art. The exhibit focuses on ledger art—images that warrior-artists recorded—and includes

Among the major exhibits at Topeka's Kansas Museum of History are an 1880 Santa Fe locomotive and a Southern Cheyenne buffalo hide tepee.



Follow the Donner's Route

Few stories in American history epitomize the perils of westward migration more than the tale of the Donner Party. Infamous for their ill-fated journey west in 1846, they were forced to spend the winter in the region of the Sierra Navada now known as Donner Lake. Today visitors can get a feel for the ruggedness of the area and the plight of the Donner Party by visiting Donner State Memorial Park near Truckee, California.

In April 1846, the Donner Party set out from Illinois to California via the well-traveled Emigrant Trail. They attempted a shortcut over the Sierra Nevada to San Franscisco, but an early snowstorm halted their progress. The winter of 1846–47 dumped record snowfalls on the area. Unable to find enough food in the snow, many of the party starved to death. Some remaining members resorted to cannibalism.

There is no better way to understand the emigrants' journey than to travel their actual route. In this fast-paced world it is difficult to fathom the simplicity of the emigrants' lives, as well as their challenge to survive, but the Donner State Memorial Park's Emigrant Trail is historically enlightening as well as physically demanding.

Visitors can enter the trail at the park, where a bronze monument commemorates the Donner Party. At twenty-two feet high, it symbolizes the depth of the snow that trapped the pioneers. The Emigrant Trail Museum features a slide show and interpretive trail as well as artifacts found at the site.

The Emigrant Trail travels up Cold Stream Canyon, traversing wide open meadows lush with wildflowers. As the trail climbs it is easy to understand the emigrants' difficulty ascending the steep slope. At the summit, the trail intersects the Pacific Crest Trail and continues westward through Emigrant Gap and toward Sacramento. Hikers can also pick up the trail at Alder Creek Campsite on Highway 89 North.

The Truckee-Donner area is located thirty-five miles west of Reno, Nevada, and one hundred miles east of Sacramento. The Emigrant Trail Museum is open daily from 10:00 a.m. to noon and from 1:00 p.m. to 4:00 p.m. Fees are two dollars for adults, one dollar for children ages six to seventeen, and free for children under six and for campers in the park. Camping is available, with 154 developed sites at twelve dollars per night. Day use of the park is five dollars per car, four dollars for senior citizens. Donner Lake is adjacent to the park with a public beach at the west end. For campground reservations or further information, call 1-800-444-7275, or the Truckee-Donner Chamber of Commerce, (916) 587-2757.

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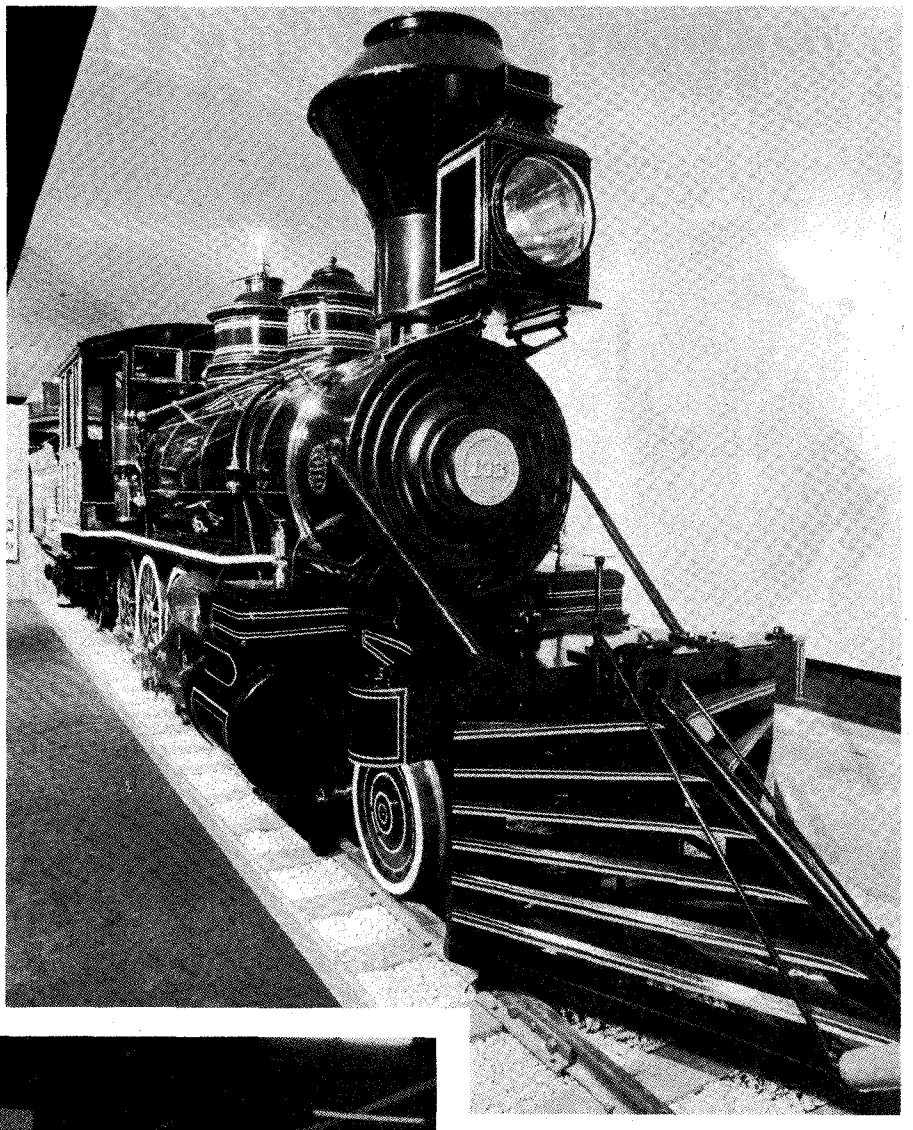

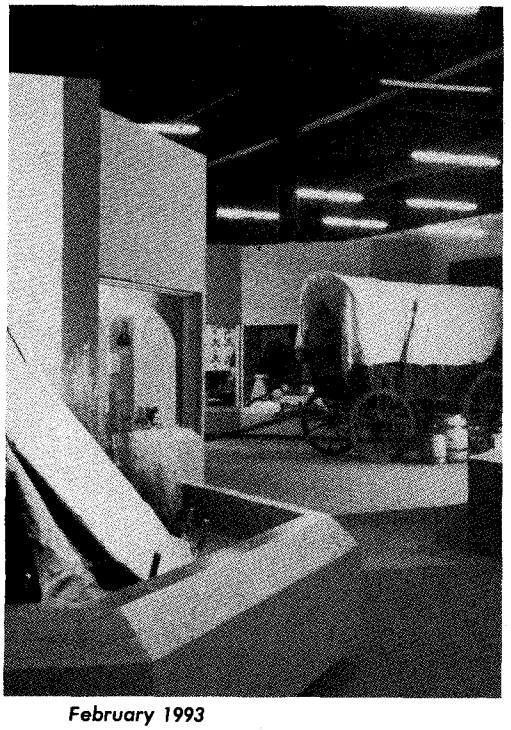

objects as varied as shields and articles of clothing.

The museum at 6425 Southwest Sixth Street is open Monday through Saturday, 9:00 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.; and Sunday, 12:30 p.m. to 4:30 p.m. Admission is free and a museum store is open daily. Guided group tours are available with three weeks' notice. For more information, call (913) 272-8681.

Western Roundup is a report on places to go and things to see associated with the history of the Old West. Submissions are welcome. Information on scheduled events should be submitted at least four months prior to the event. Items on historic places are also welcome. Send information including photos to: Western Roundup, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076.

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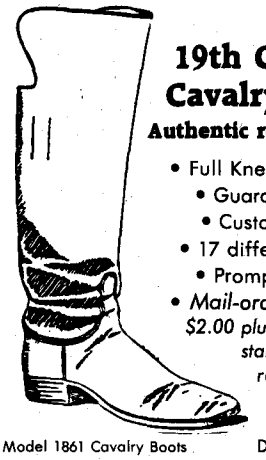

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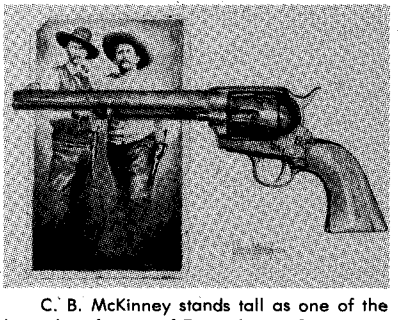
A Texas Legend



C. B. McKinney stands tall as one of the legendary figures of Texas law enforcement. This high-quality, 11" x 14" photographic print, from a first sketch by artist R. Morris Patterson, is available now for only $15.00, including shipping. It features a strikingly realistic sketch of *Ranger/Sheriff McKinney's 45-caliber Colt pistol*, which is now on display at the Texas Ranger Museum, Waco, Texas. McKinney (left) and fellow Ranger George Farrow form the *background to this historic gun.*

Chuck Parsons, ***True West***'s Answer Man, and Gary Fitterer have written a biography of the life and times of McKinney, the famous lawman of La Salle County. The planned publication date is March 1993. Purchase this remarkable print today — it'll serve as a reminder to buy the book when it becomes available. Both are destined to become collector's items.

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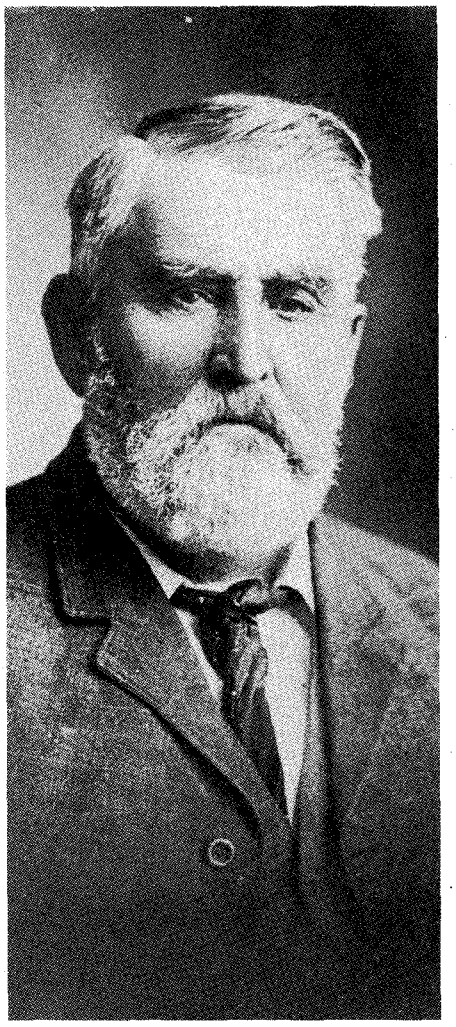
The Original "Buffa

By CHUCK PARSONS

William F. Cody was not the only frontiersman with the moniker "Buffalo Bill." Tim Dye, Route 1, Box 13, Stafford, Kansas 78578, asks about another frontiersman who used that nickname, William C. Mathewson.

Not as well-known as Cody, Mathewson is rightfully called the original Buffalo Bill. He was born January 1, 1830, in New York State, and his family moved west. As a teenager, Mathewson was trapping the frontier territories of Wisconsin and Minnesota before joining the American Fur Company in 1849. After working as far west as the Rocky Mountains, Mathewson opened a trading post at the site where Lyons, Kansas, was later built.

Before the Civil War, Mathewson developed quite a reputation as a buffalo hunter. Unlike Cody, however, he could not claim a friendship with such notables as Wild Bill Hickock or General Phil Sheridan, nor did he kill Indians to avenge the Custer massacre or have a Wild West show. Those things made Cody's name a household word, while today Mathewson is virtually forgotten. He died March 22, 1916, and is buried in Highland cemetery at Wichita, Kansas. On his tombstone are the phrases, "the original Buffalo Bill" and "last of the great scouts."



Charles Goodnight.

Comancheros

Because of their dealings with the Comanches, the New Mexican traders known as "Comancheros" were named for that tribe, although they also dealt with other Indians of the Great Plains. Ronald C. Burmeier, 3715 Highpoint Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio 45211, wants to know more about the traders whose territory ran from eastern New Mexico to the Llano Estacado of Texas.

The Comanchero trade began in 1786 and lasted about a century. The trading flourished until the buffalo herds were gone and the Indians were placed on reservations. Many Comancheros then accepted employment as guides or scouts for the army. Some, however, considered that a betrayal of their former friends. That aspect of the Comancheros' history, coupled with their portrayal in movies as sinister figures of the Southwest, has led to many mistaken notions about them.

Legendary Cattleman

The name Charles Goodnight has become almost synonymous with the term "cattleman." Naomi F. Smith-Corlis, 6117 TeaBerry Court, San Jose, California 95123, wants to know more about his life.

Goodnight was born March 5, 1836, in Macoupin County, Illinois. He arrived in Texas a decade later with his stepfather and mother. In 1857 he became a ranger and scout in what would become Palo Pinto County. He participated in the Pease River fight in which the noted chieftain Peta Nocona was mortally wounded. During the Civil War he served as a scout and guide.

In 1865, Goodnight gathered some stock and began what became his lifelong career. He and Oliver Loving herded cattle to New Mexico Territory, breaking the trail that became known as the Goodnight-Loving Trail. Loving lost his life to an Indian arrow on one such drive. By the 1870s Goodnight was working with cattle baron John Chisum.

In 1876 Goodnight settled in the Palo Duro Canyon of the Texas Panhandle. That made him the first major stockman to settle in an area which was a stronghold for warlike Comanches.

Besides forging a route to Colorado, Goodnight blazed trails from his ranch to Dodge City, Kansas. In 1876 he became partners with John G. Adair.

Goodnight was a pioneer at raising breeds including Durhams, Herefords, and Angus, and he helped preserve buffalo by saving a small portion of what remained of the great southern herd. His efforts to crossbreed buffalo and cattle, however, failed.

In 1880 Goodnight founded the Panhandle Stockman's Association to improve breeding and rid the country of outlawry. Goodnight spent his later years in the town named for him and wintered in Tucson, Arizona, where he died December 12, 1929. The best full-length biography of Goodnight is by J. Evetts Haley, published by the University of Oklahoma Press.

Doc's Profession

Doc Holliday is remembered most for his association with the Earp clan and his participation in the gunfight at the OK Corral. But Bill Tully, 6223 Stichter

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lo Bill"

Avenue, Dallas, Texas 75230, inquires not about Holliday's gunfighting abilities, but about his success as a dentist.

Holliday was a licensed dentist and he did practice, but his lifestyle as much as anything prevented him from achieving real success in the profession. A Georgia native, Holliday graduated from the Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery in Philadelphia in 1872. He practiced briefly in Griffin, Georgia, as well as in his hometown of Valdosta. He may have practiced in Atlanta as well.

Historians generally accept that Doc left the South and headed west when he learned he had contracted tuberculosis, the disease which claimed his mother's life. He practiced dentistry with Dr. J.A. Seegar in Dallas, Texas, as their advertisement appears in the 1873 city directory.

If Holliday had stayed with his profession he would be forgotten today, but he mixed drinking and gambling with pulling teeth and the first two took preeminence over the last. On New Year's Day 1875, Holliday got into a shooting affray with a Mr. Austin. Soon after, dentistry, for all practical purposes, became part of Holliday's past.

Mr. Tully also has a question about an aspect of the cowboy myth. He asks if cowboys could actually roll a cigarette without spilling any tobacco while riding horseback.

Although I have not seen it done, several people who have lived among real cowboys have told me it is possible to do the "makin's" with one hand on horseback. I would think the rider would spill a lot of tobacco, but perhaps not. I am told that this is no more unusual than a cowboy with a special rope or riding trick.

If you have a question, send it to Chuck Parsons, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076. Please keep questions brief. Sign your full name and address, including zip code. Names and addresses will be published if question is used. Space limitations may not permit us to use all questions.

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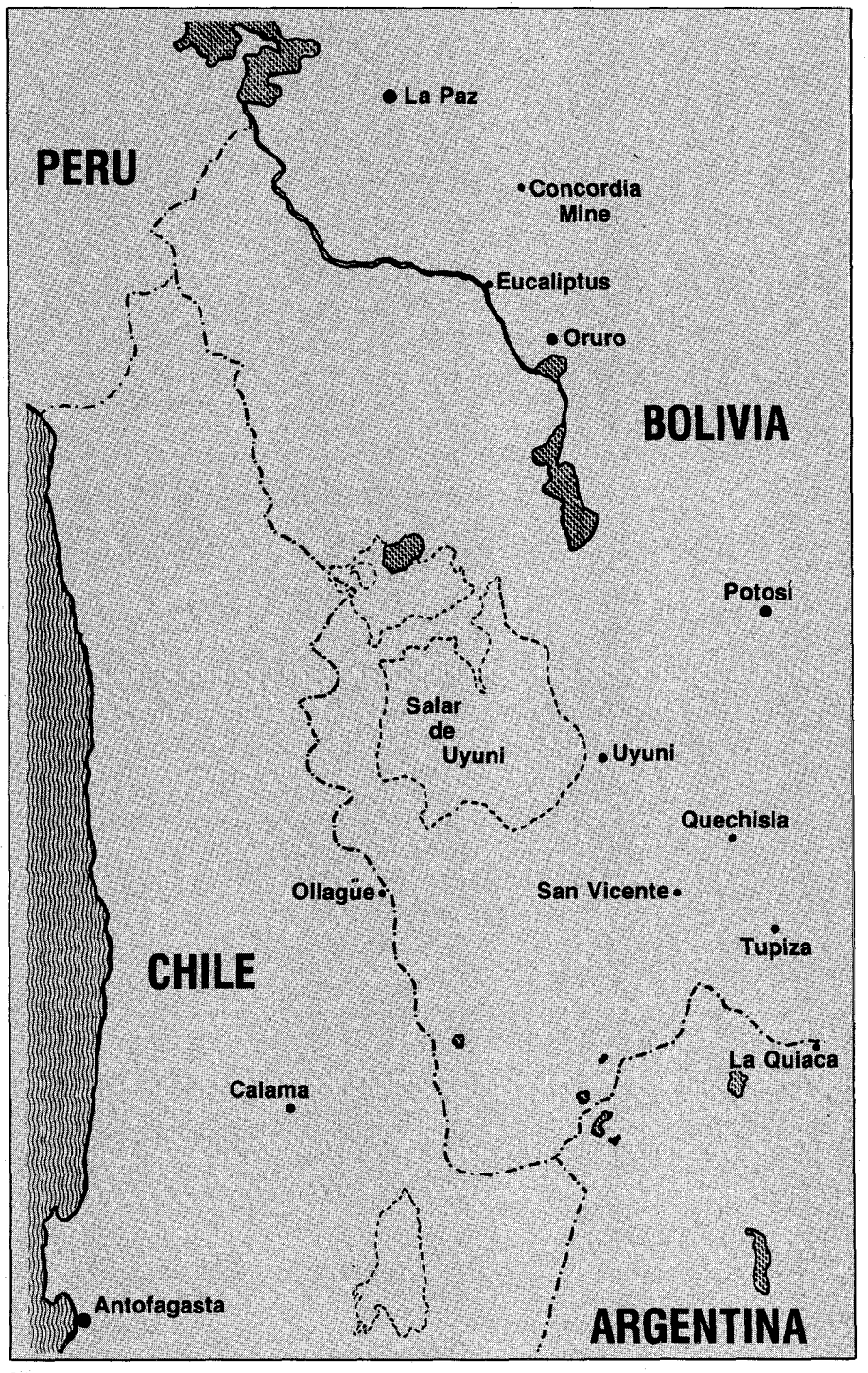
Showdown at San Vicente

The Case that Butch and Sundance Died in Bolivia

By ANNE MEADOWS and DANIEL BUCK



In January 1906, a United States postal worker in Pennsylvania surreptitiously opened a letter addressed to the family of Harry Alonzo Longabaugh, better known as the Sundance Kid. Apart from any mundane news it might have contained, the letter revealed that Sundance—who was using the alias Frank Boyd—had run into some "difficulty" with the Chilean government, but that he had been able to settle the matter for $1,500, with the help of Frank Aller, the United States vice consul in Antofagasta, Chile. Although the postal informant promptly related this episode in the Wild Bunch saga to the Pinkerton Detective Agency, the Pinkertons apparently made no effort to follow up on the lead.[1]

Three and a half years later, Aller reentered the saga playing a pivotal role in a chapter whose ending has yet to be written: What really happened to Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid? Aller wrote to the American legation in La Paz, Bolivia, on July 31, 1909, to request help in tracking down rumors of Sundance's death:

> An American citizen named Frank Boyd is wanted in Antofagasta and letters addressed to him in Bolivia have failed to receive a reply. I have been informed by Mr. Wm. Gray of Oruro, Mr. Thomas Mason of Uyuni and many others that Boyd and a companion named Maxwell . . . were killed at San Vicente near Tupiza by natives and police and buried as *"desconocidos"* [unknowns].
>
> I have endeavored by correspondence to obtain confirmation and a certificate of death, but this has been impossible as it seems that the authorities are endeavoring to hush up the matter.
>
> It is very important to locate Boyd alive or, failing this, to produce legal proof of his death. Everybody in Bolivia, except the authorities, seem[s] convinced that the larger of the two men was Boyd and that possibly he had assumed the name of Brown.[2]

Aller's letter was lost in the mail, but he renewed his request at a chance meeting with Alexander Benson, the American chargé d'affaires in La Paz, the following year. Aller then sent Benson a copy of the letter, with a note:

> . . . thank you for your interest in the matter of H.A. Brown or Frank Boyd, the name used by him while in Chile. I have a letter from him in

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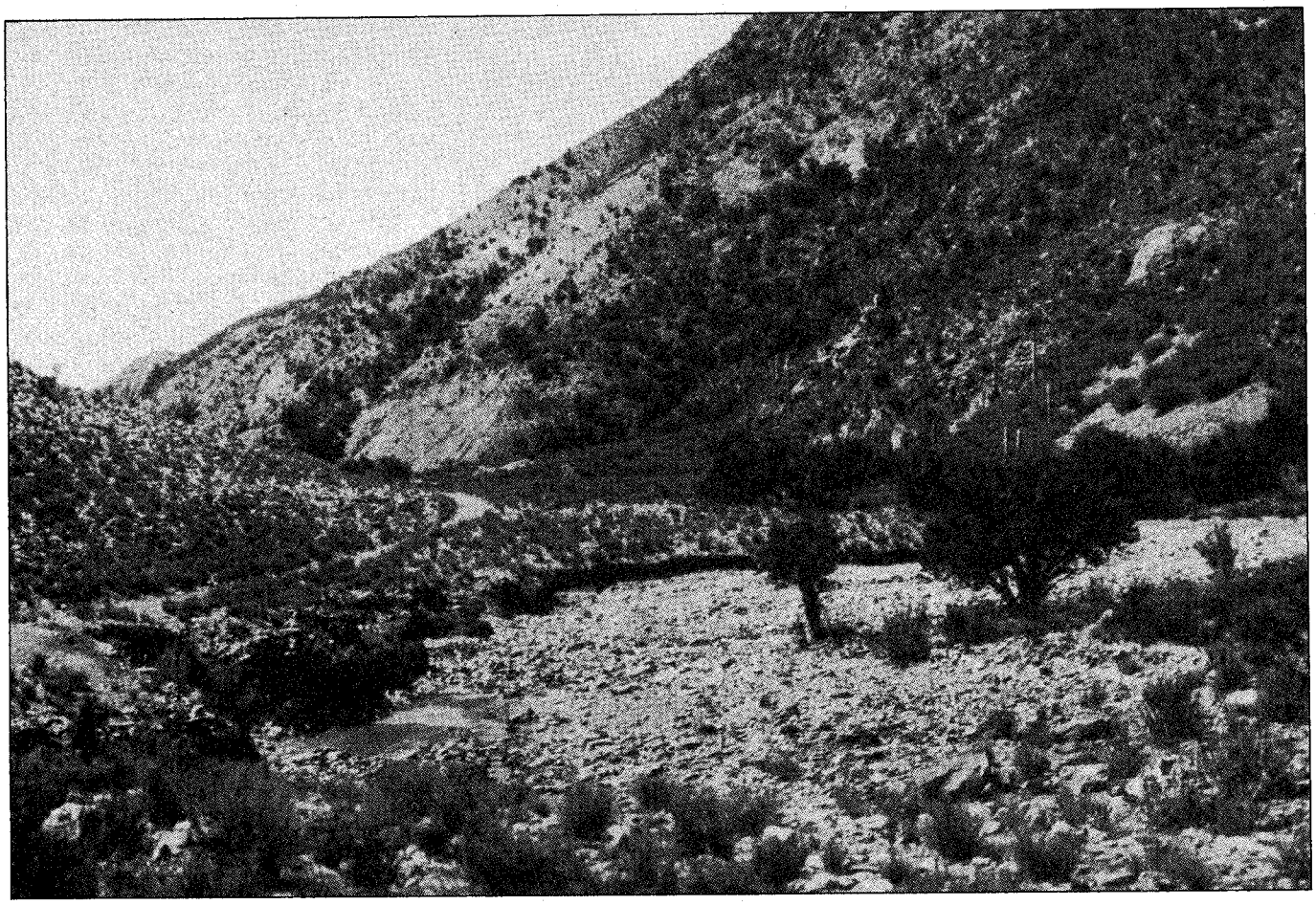

Anne Meadows Photo

Holdup site from Carlos Peró's perspective, looking north.

which he stated that he would use the former name [Brown] in Bolivia, in order to get "honorable employment," and so will be in a position to prove that they are identical persons.[3]

Meanwhile, in an August 31, 1910, letter to the Bolivian minister for foreign relations, Benson had asked for

> a copy of the death certificate of the American citizen, W.H. [sic] Brown, who was killed by the Bolivian Police at San Vicente, near Tupiza, over a year ago.
>
> Legal proof of his death is wanted by a judge . . . in Chile, in order to settle his estate.
>
> Brown and Mexwell [sic] were the men that held up several of the Bolivian Railway Company's pay trains, as also the stage coaches of several mines, and I understand were killed in a fight with soldiers that were detached to capture them as outlaws.[4]

Four months later, on December 26, 1910, the Bolivian government sent Benson a ten-page report on the deaths of two North Americans killed in San Vicente in November 1908 after they shot a member of a small military patrol that sought to question them as suspects in the robbery of a cash shipment from the Aramayo Francke y Compañía, a major mining enterprise headquartered near Tupiza, in southern Bolivia. The Bolivians enclosed a death certificate for the outlaws, "whose names are unknown."[5] The American legation forwarded the documents to Aller, but what use he made of them has not been determined. Neither the National Archives in Washington, D.C., nor the Bolivian ministry of foreign relations in La Paz has a copy of the report or certificate, and efforts to trace the matter in Chile have thus far led only to dead ends.

Aller's investigation went unnoticed for nearly eight decades, and word of the shootout was slow to reach the United States. As late as 1921, the Pinkertons maintained that the Sundance Kid and his partner, Butch Cassidy, were alive and well in South America. Indeed, the Pinkertons apparently never officially declared them dead. Within days of the Aramayo holdup, however, a Buenos Aires newspaper had indirectly linked it with Butch and Sundance. An article in *La Prensa* speculated that the Bolivian heist had been pulled by the perpetrators of a 1905 bank robbery in Villa Mercedes, Argentina—a crime that had been attributed to Butch and Sundance.[6]

No widely circulated account of the Bolivian holdup and shootout appeared in the United States until April 1930, when *The Elks Magazine* published an article by Arthur Chapman, a New York journalist and author of "Out Where the West Begins." Chapman got the story of Butch and Sundance's last days from Percy Seibert, an American mining engineer who claimed to have employed and befriended the bandits at the Concordia Tin Mine in northern Bolivia more than two decades earlier. Seibert had not seen the outlaws' corpses, but he believed them to be those of his friends.[7]

Historians understandably wanted proof more solid than an old-timer's belief, but if Aller had trouble running down the story less than a year after it happened, the trail was colder than

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Authors' Collection

Carlos Peró, with the white walrus mustache, is seated on the left; his wife, María Aramayo del Río, in the middle; and son, Alfredo, on the right. Standing, left to right, are other children: Carlos, Graciela, Mariano (who, as a small boy, was with his father the morning of the holdup), Alicia, and Raúl. Two other children, Eduardo and Guillermo, were not present at the time of the photograph, which is circa 1920s.

Christmas by the time Chapman interviewed Seibert. In the 1970s, when writer Larry Pointer inquired about the shootout through diplomatic channels, officials found no record of it, which led Pointer and others mistakenly to conclude that it never took place.[8] Although Bolivian documents support Aller's contention that local authorities initially tried to hush up the matter (officials who inexplicably professed ignorance of the shootout had actually conducted a judicial inquest concerning it[9]), there was nothing nefarious in their successors' negative response to Pointer's query. Scattered records of the gun battle existed, but they were difficult to locate without an exhaustive search.

IN ANY event, thanks to Aller's persistence and the eventual discovery of his correspondence in the National Archives, we know that a shootout did occur. The identities of the slain bandits may soon be ascertained by the scientific inquiry following the December 1991 exhumation of their alleged grave in San Vicente, which was sponsored by the public-television program *Nova* and led by forensic anthropologist Clyde Snow. Even if the scientific tests yield inconclusive results, a great deal of circumstantial evidence suggests that the outlaws killed in San Vicente were Butch and Sundance. It includes the aliases and physical descriptions of the bandits, their modus operandi, and Butch and Sundance's disappearance after the November 1908 shootout.

Who Are *Those Guys?*

Using the aliases James Ryan and Harry A. Place, Butch and Sundance fled the United States for Argentina in 1901 and ranched peaceably with Etta Place in northern Patagonia's Cholila Valley for four years. Eventually, they went back to robbing banks and hightailed it to Chile, where they apparently lived for a year or two. Butch's *nom de jour* in Chile in uncertain, but Sundance called himself Frank Boyd, an alias recognized by the Pinkertons since at least 1902.[10] After declaring his intention to use the name Brown and seek honest work in Bolivia, Sundance ventured up into the Andes with Butch. In 1907, when the pair hired on as security guards at the Concordia Tin Mine, they introduced themselves to manager Percy Seibert as Enrique Brown and Santiago Maxwell.[11] The following year, according to western historian James D. Horan, they turned up in southern Bolivia as the Lowe brothers. Horan cited the experience of one "Reverend Wenberg, a Norwegian missionary, who had met Cassidy in northern Bolivia [and later] ran across him in the lobby of a hotel in Tupiza, Bolivia. 'Why, Mr. Maxwell,' he said. 'How are you?' Cassidy gave him a cold stare. 'I'm fine,' he replied, 'but my name is Lowe.' And then walked away."[12]

A.G. Francis, a Briton who was supervising the transportation of a gold dredge on the San Juan de Oro River in southern Bolivia at that time, told a slightly different tale in the May 1913 edition of *The Wide World Magazine.* In August 1908, he wrote, two Americans calling themselves Frank Smith and George Low stopped at his headquarters south of Tupiza, ostensibly to rest their mules, and wound up bunking with him for several weeks. Francis mistook Smith, "a burly, pleasant-looking man with a moustache," for Kid Curry instead of the Sundance Kid but rightly surmised that Low, "a rather slightly built man of middle height, with a fair beard and moustache and eyes like gimlets," was Butch Cassidy.[13]

The descriptions of "Smith" and "Low" tally with those given to judicial authorities by Juan Felix Erazo, a laborer who met one of the Aramayo bandits before the holdup and saw both of them on the morning of November 6, 1908, just hours before they died. Erazo described the pair as "a tall, blond, mustachioed, heavyset foreigner" and "another foreigner, shorter than the other."[14] Remigio Sanchez, a San Vicente resident who helped bury the dead bandits, reported that "both were unshaven blonds with somewhat turned-up noses."[15] (It should be noted that, in Bolivia, the word *blond* [*rubio*] applies to virtually any individual whose hair is not black, and the phrase *turned up* [*nato*] applies to most gringo noses.) According to Sanchez, "the small one [was] sort of ugly and the large one good-looking."[16]

Carlos Peró, the Aramayo mine company manager robbed by the bandits who were later killed in San Vicente, described his assailants as follows:

> The two Yankees wore . . . narrow soft-brimmed hats, the brims turned down in such a way that, with the bandanas tied behind their ears, only their eyes could be seen. One of the bandits, the one who came closest and talked with me, is thin and of normal stature, and the other, who always maintained a certain distance, is heavy and taller.[17]

Pinkerton circulars that found their way to places as remote as Tahiti describe Butch Cassidy as standing 5′8″ to 5′9″, weighing 165 to 170 pounds, and having light or flaxen hair with a sandy mustache and deep-set blue or

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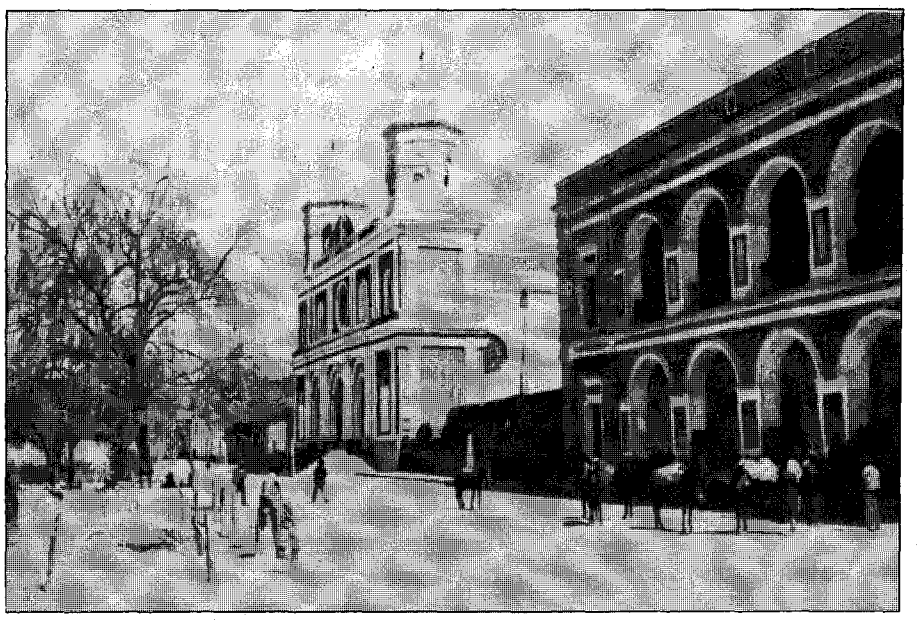
Frank D. Aller.



Both: Author's Collection

Tupiza main plaza, circa 1907.

grey-blue eyes.[18] The descriptions of the Sundance Kid in the Pinkerton archives vary widely: his eyes were said to be blue, grey, black, or brown; his hair color was reported as every shade from light brown to black, his height from 5′9″ to 6′, his weight from 165 to 190 pounds.[19] According to the staff at the Pierce Invalid Hotel, a clinic in Buffalo, New York, where Sundance sought treatment in May 1902, he had brown eyes, light-brown hair, and a light brown or sandy mustache.[20]

To anyone familiar with the Sundance Kid as the rawboned youth seated on the left in the famous Fort Worth Five portrait, the fact that the taller of the two Aramayo bandits was heavyset might seem to rule out Sundance. Photos from South America, however, show him gaining weight, while Butch slimmed down.

A Method to Their Badness

Perhaps even more compelling than the slain bandits' physical resemblance to Butch and Sundance is the similarity in their modus operandi. According to outlaw historian Ed Kirby, the Wild Bunch "devised a formula for robbing banks and trains that proved successful time and time again. They would thoroughly case the place where the robbery was to be staged and learn the fastest getaway routes. They would have fresh, well-rested horses stationed at strategic locations along their escape route."[21] Butch was famous for the kind of planning that allowed him to hit targets on the very days when substantial amounts of money were on hand. In 1897, for example, he and his gang got away with a coal-mine payroll in Castle Gate, Utah, despite the company's precaution of varying the schedule for delivering the funds by train from Salt Lake City.[22] Butch and Sundance followed the same formula in South America. They timed their Argentine robberies to coincide with a spring wool sale in Río Gallegos and a monthly cattle market in Villa Mercedes, when the banks' coffers would be full, and they got away with the help of fresh horses and supplies posted along the escape routes.[23]

Juan Felix Erazo, a laborer who met one of the Aramayo bandits before the holdup and saw both of them on the morning of November 6, 1908, just hours before they died, described the pair as "a tall, blond, mustachioed, heavyset foreigner" and "another foreigner, shorter than the other."

A.G. Francis wrote that Butch had spent a lot of time on reconnaissance in Tupiza during the weeks before the robbery, and Aramayo company records reveal that the bandits who held up the remittance on November 4, 1908, clearly had inside information about a half-million-dollar payroll. They struck a week too soon, however, and—to their visible distress—wound up with a mere $90,000.[24] Nonetheless, their professionalism impressed Peró:

> Certainly these bandits had been in Tupiza for some time, studying our company's habits and preparing their strike with total coolness and knowledge. . . . Moreover, they undoubtedly planned their retreat carefully; otherwise, they would not have left us with our animals, or they would have killed us in order to avoid leaving witnesses or to gain time.[25]

The Aramayo bandits also exhibited symptoms of the Robin Hood complex that helped Butch and Sundance—and their afficionados—rationalize their misdeeds. To explain why Butch turned to a life of crime, many writers have cited a Mormon bishop's award of land homesteaded by Butch's family to a more pious settler who coveted it. Pointer, for example, wrote that Butch viewed "rustling as retribution for the transgressions of religious hypocrites and greedy land barons."[26] Kirby's research led him to conclude that members of the Wild Bunch "saw themselves . . . as libertarians fired by the oppression of the enemy, the cattle kings, the railroads and the banks."[27] Butch's

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generosity to children and struggling homesteaders is the subject of innumerable stories in both North and South America. According to his friend Josie Bassett Morris, "Butch took care of more poor people than F.D.R., and with no red tape."[28]

In a letter written a few hours after the Aramayo holdup, Peró mentioned that the bandits, who spoke to him in English, made "it clear that they were not interested in our personal money nor in any articles that belonged to us, but only in the money we were carrying for the company."[29] According to Francis, the taller outlaw claimed

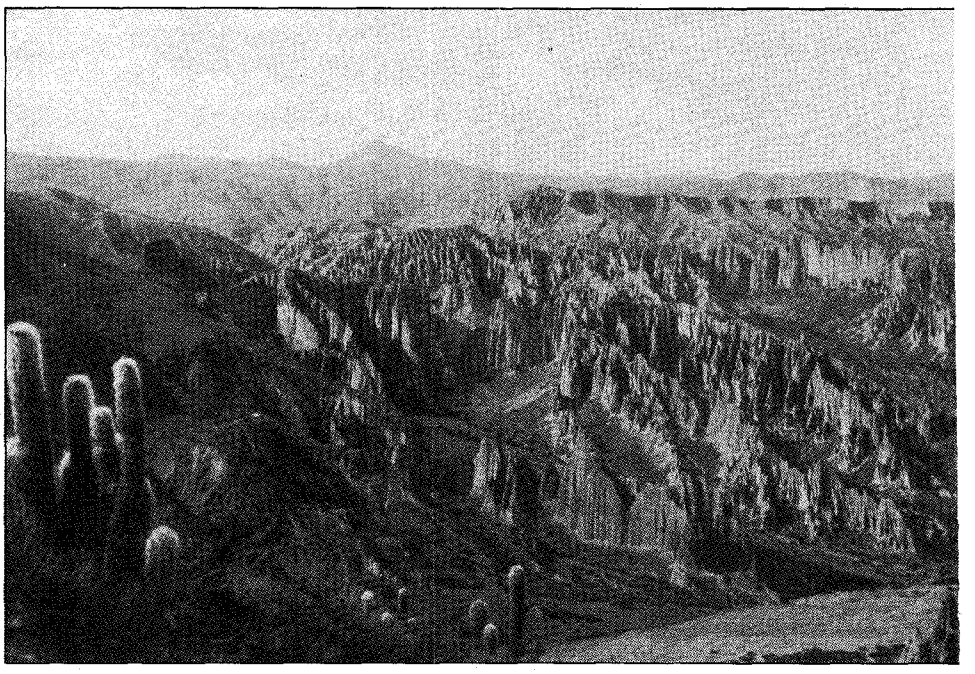
> he had made several attempts to settle down to a law-abiding life, but these attempts had always been frustrated by emissaries of the police and detective agencies getting on his track, and thus forcing him to return to the road. He claimed that he had never hurt or killed a man except in self-defence, and had never stolen from the poor, but only from rich corporations well able to support his "requisitions."[30]

Francis reported that the bandits returned to his place to hide out after the holdup and then—when they got word of soldiers heading south toward them—insisted that Francis accompany them as they doubled back to the northwest. He spent the next twenty-odd hours on the lam with the outlaws, who released him shortly before Juan Felix Erazo spotted them on their way to San Vicente.[31]

Although Francis was aghast at being an unwilling accessory after-the-fact, he had previously found the bandits "very pleasant and amusing companions."[32] Even Peró, whom they had robbed, commented on their "very pleasant manner."[33] And if Wild Bunch researchers agree on one thing about Butch Cassidy, it is his affability. As Horan wrote,

> It was hard not to like him. He was never moody, sullen or sad. He took life as it came, accepting the good with the bad. Unlike some of the men who rode with him, there was no dark streak of violence running through his make-up. He never killed a man during a hold-up, an unprecedented record when one considers he was the leader of the largest band of outlaws in the American West.[34]

Kirby wrote that Butch was "remembered for his friendly disposition, his good humor and his gregarious ways. All who knew [him] throughout his entire life thought highly of him."[35] Pointer quoted Wyoming cowboy George C. Streeter, who frequently shared a bedroll with Butch between 1884 and 1886, as saying, "'Butch was the best natured man I ever saw.'"[36]



Anne Meadows Photo

Escape route between Huaca Huanusca and San Juan del Oro Valley.

Those who met him in South America agreed. Although Sundance's shyness made it hard for outsiders to get to know him, Butch was immensely popular with his neighbors in Argentina[37] and with the fellows at the Concordia Mine in Bolivia. Seibert found him "a friendly, happy-go-lucky man" with "a magnetic personality."[38]

Life After Death

The claim that Butch and Sundance came back alive rests on alleged sightings by acquaintances, contradictory statements by relatives, and the antics of impostors. After Chapman reported the Bolivian shootout, undocumented stories of the bandits' return began cropping up regularly. But their pal Matt Warner was certain they had died in South America, and he dismissed all rumors to the contrary. "There is a lot of false legends about what become of Butch. Some believe today [1938] that he is still alive. Some men claim they have seen Butch recently. Once in a while some hombre claims he is Butch. It's all poppycock."[39]

Many of the survival stories stemmed from the charade enacted by William T. Phillips, a Spokane, Washington, machine-shop owner who resembled Butch and may well have known him in earlier days. During the 1930s, Phillips visited Wild Bunch haunts in Wyoming and hinted that he was the famed bandit, returning to dig up cached plunder. Computer-assisted comparisons of photographs of the two men, however, indicate that they were not the same person.[40]

In her 1975 book, *Butch Cassidy, My Brother,* Lula Parker Betenson asserted that Butch (whose real name was Robert LeRoy Parker) had visited his family at Circleville, Utah, in 1925. She also maintained that he died in 1937 in the Northwest—as did William T. Phillips—but was not Phillips.[41] Curiously, a Mormon census form filled out by Lula's husband listed the date of Robert LeRoy Parker's death as July 9, 1909.[42] Later, perhaps after Lula decided to write her book, the date of his death was changed to 1937—no month or day, just the year—in the Mormon records.[43]

Lula never provided any evidence to substantiate her stories, which were contradicted by other relatives. A niece recently said that she does not believe her Uncle Butch came back alive. She characterized her Aunt Lula's views as being "controversial within the family" and said that several of Butch's other siblings had attempted, without success, to determine what had happened to him.[44] Max Parker (son of Butch's brother Dan) and his wife, Ellnor, told outlaw historian Jim Dullenty that "Lula was not telling the truth about Butch. [Ellnor] said she wrote to Lula

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A.G. Francis.

Francis reported that the bandits returned to his place to hide out after the holdup and then—when they got word of soldiers heading south toward them—insisted that Francis accompany them as they doubled back to the northwest. He spent the next twenty-odd hours on the lam with the outlaws.

asking why she was saying so many things that weren't true. [Ellnor] said Lula wrote right back telling her to keep quiet and not say a thing and let Lula do the talking for the family."[45] Nonetheless, Max and Ellnor believed that Butch *did* come back from South America. "They 'knew' he had died in Spokane," they told Dullenty, but didn't think he used the name Phillips.[46] Max told Pointer, however, that his father had confided to Ellnor that Butch was living in Spokane as Phillips.[47] According to Max and Ellnor, Butch did not visit the family at Circleville but met with his father, Maximillian Parker, above a drugstore in Milford, Utah, in 1930.[48] Yet Wyoming rancher Jim Regan said that Maximillian Parker told him before dying in 1938 that if his son "had gotten back from South America he would have been to see him and look up his own people."[49]

Posthumous sightings of Sundance were comparatively rare. In 1930, the *Knoxville* (Tennessee) *News-Sentinel* published a report that "on a spacious plantation not far from Tennessee," the Sundance Kid, by then "a gray-haired, dignified old man, [held] forth as a country squire."[50] The report apparently was never verified. More attention has been focused on George Hanlon, alias Hiram BeBee, a minor criminal who died at the age of eighty-one[51] in a Utah prison in 1955, after allegedly telling cellmates he was the Sundance Kid.[52] To account for the fact that Hanlon was half a foot shorter than the famous outlaw, some writers have speculated that he suffered from spinal osteoporosis in his old age.[53] His mug shot from San Quentin Prison, however, shows that in 1919, when he was only forty-five years old, he was 5'2¾" and looked like Jimmy Durante.[54]

A third Sundance story was circulated by Robert H. Longabaugh, who wandered the Rocky Mountain states in the late 1960s and early 1970s and declared himself not only the son of the Sundance Kid but also the nephew of Etta Place and a pall bearer for Butch Cassidy.[55] Outlaw historian Donna Ernst, whose husband, Paul, is Sundance's great-great-nephew, acknowledges a certain family resemblance but dismisses the old-timer's claim to have met his alleged father in Spokane in 1940.[56] The self-styled Sundance, Jr., died in a Montana hotel fire in 1962 without ever having offered a shred of evidence for any of his assertions.[57]

In any case, after November 1908, Butch and Sundance's letters to their former neighbors in Argentina ceased, and word eventually reached the Cholila Valley that they had been killed in Bolivia.[58] Sundance's family stopped receiving letters from him at about the time of the shootout,[59] and mail sent to him from Chile went unanswered.[60] He was clearly expected to return to Antofagasta, if only to claim his property, but he apparently never came back.

Conclusion

Thanks to relatively new DNA-identification technology, the *Nova* scientists may settle the controversy to the satisfaction of everyone save the die-hard skeptics. But we have only the word of one man—San Vicente resident Froilán Risso—that the grave exhumed by the *Nova* team was the correct one. If the bones turn out to be Butch's and Sundance's, the last chapter in the Wild Bunch saga will finally be closed. If the DNA does not match, however, we may never know whether the bones were those of outlaws other than Butch and Sundance or of stray Caucasians who had nothing to do with the 1908 shootout. A Swede who accidentally shot himself while dismounting and a German who blew himself up trying to

Anne Meadows Photo

Froilán Risso, pointing to bandits' alleged grave in San Vicente.

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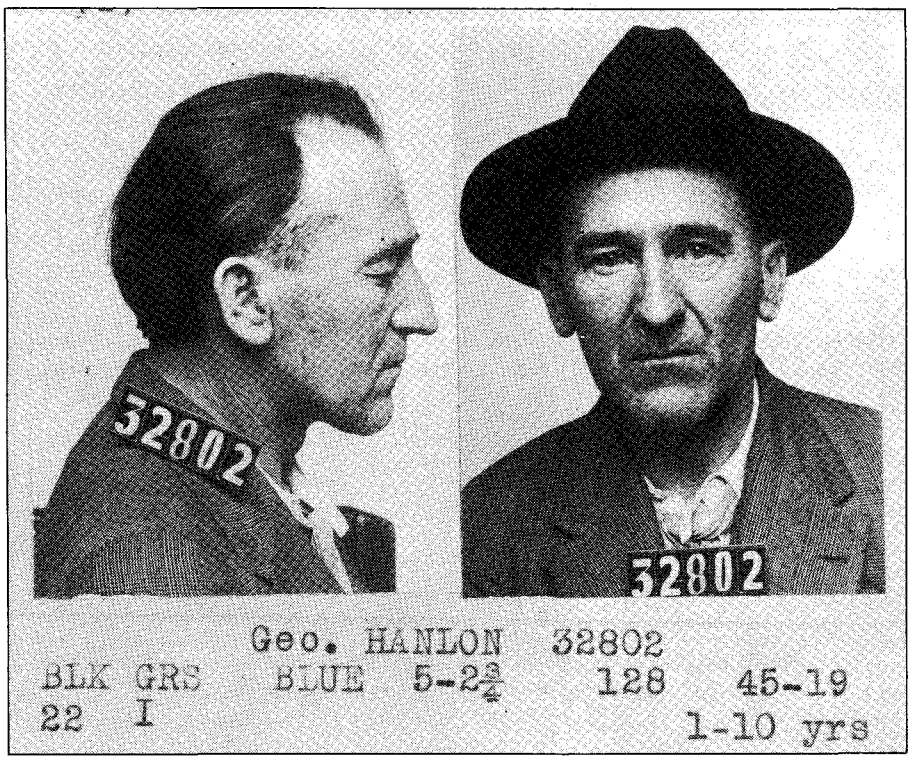

California State Archives

George Hanlon, aka Hiram Bebee.

defrost dynamite on his stove, for example, were reportedly buried near the Aramayo bandits.[61]

Even if scientific proof eludes us, the historical evidence cannot be denied. The documentation of the holdup and shootout is incontrovertible: In November 1908, two North Americans robbed a $90,000 Aramayo remittance and chose death, rather than surrender, when cornered by a small posse in San Vicente. Furthermore, a significant body of circumstantial evidence points to Butch and Sundance as the ill-fated bandits.

Nevertheless, their fans can be forgiven for hoping that someone else pulled the Aramayo job and wound up in the San Vicente cemetery, leaving Butch and Sundance free to practice their charm and outlawry a bit longer before they passed into legend. To be sure, other gringos were assaulting Bolivian banks, trains, and mine payrolls in the early 1900s. In fact, a posse searching for the Aramayo bandits arrested another pair of heavily armed foreigners near the site of the holdup. The men, who identified themselves as Ray A. Walters and Frank Harry Murray, were jailed in Tupiza on suspicion of complicity in the robbery. After recovering the Aramayo loot in San Vicente and confirming Walters' and Murray's alibis, the authorities reluctantly released them.

Walters and Murray may well have been the "two rough-looking Anglo Saxons" encountered by American explorer and Machu Picchu discoverer Hiram Bingham, who journeyed through southern Bolivia in mid-November 1908. The pair Bingham met told him

> hair-raising stories of the dangers of the Bolivian roads where highway robbers, driven out of the United States by the force of law and order and hounded to death all over the world by Pinkerton detectives, had found a pleasant resting-place in which to pursue their chosen occupation without let or hindrance. We found out afterwards that one of our informants was one of this same gang of robbers. . . . He put his case quite emphatically to us that it was necessary for them to make a living, that they were not allowed to do so peaceably in the States, that they desired only to be let alone and had no intention of troubling travelers except those that sought to get information against them. They relied entirely for their support on being able to overcome armed escorts accompanying loads of cash going to the mines to liquidate the monthly payroll. This they claimed was legitimate plunder taken in fair fight. The only individuals who had to suffer at their hands were those who took up the case against them. Having laid this down for our edification, he proceeded to tell us what a reckless lot they were and how famous had been their crimes, at the same time assuring us that they were all very decent fellows and quite pleasant companions.[62]

Bingham did not identify the men he met, and we have only Walters' and Murray's word about their names. As to whether they knew Butch and Sundance or perhaps *were* Butch and Sundance, who can say? We don't think so, but anything is possible in the shadows of outlaw history, where the past is almost never what it seems.

NOTES

[1]Pinkerton Detective Agency Archives, Van Nuys, California, memorandum from the agency's Philadephia Office, January 26, 1906. The relevant portion of the memo reads as follows: "This is to advise all offices that the above named criminal [Harry Alonzo Longabaugh, better known as the Sundance Kid], we are reliably informed, is now in the Argentine Republic, under the assumed name of Frank Boyd; that a short time ago he got into some difficulty with the officials of the Chilean government, which cost him $1500, to settle. The settlement was made through the American Vice consul, Frank Allen (Alla) at Anto Pagasta, Chili. This information was received by the Philadelphia office through a post office informant."

The vice consul named in the report was not Allen or Alla, but Frank D. Aller, an 1892 Colorado School of Mines graduate, who had gone to Chile in 1900 with the American Smelting & Refining Co. From 1903 to 1907, he was the American vice consul and, when the office was down-graded, the consular agent in Antofagasta. He resigned his commission in 1907, probably because he was moving to Gatico, a small port about 100 miles up the coast. Department of State records at the National Archives in Washington, D.C., shed no additional light on the incident reported in the Pinkerton memo. Among the dozens of volumes of Antofagasta post files for the period there is not a word on the matter. The nature of the settlement is a mystery; it could have been for anything from a drunken brawl to an immigration matter.

[2]Frank Aller, letter to the American Minister, American Legation, La Paz, Bolivia, July 31, 1909, U.S. National Archives, Record Group 84, Foreign Post Files, Miscellaneous Correspondence, 1910, Volume 88 (C8.10).

[3]Frank Aller, letter to Alexander Benson, September 16, 1910, U.S. National Archives, Record Group 84, Foreign Post Files, Miscellaneous Correspondence, 1910, Volume 88 (C8.10).

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[4]Alexander Benson, letter to Daniel Sanchez Bustamante, Bolivian Minister for Foreign Relations, U.S. National Archives, Record Group 84, Foreign Post Files, Notes to Bolivian Office, November 15, 1903, to August 5, 1912.

[5]J.M. Saracho, letter to Alexander Benson, December 26, 1910, U.S. National Archives, Record Group 84, Foreign Post Files, Notes From Bolivian Foreign Office, 1910, Volume 54 (C8.3).

[6]"Bolivia, asalto al Senor Peró, los bandoleros norteamericanos," *La Prensa*, Buenos Aires, Argentina, November 7, 1908.

[7]Arthur Chapman, "'Butch' Cassidy," *The Elks Magazine*, April 1930.

[8]Larry Pointer, *In Search of Butch Cassidy* (Norman, OK: University of Oklahoma Press, 1977), p. 15.

[9]Some of the local officials who, in correspondence now housed in the archives of the Bolivian Department of Foreign Relations, claimed no knowledge of the shootout were the very ones who had conducted the judicial inquest into the deaths of the two bandits scarcely two years before they were asked to provide the death certificate.

[10]Pinkerton Detective Agency Archives. A January 24, 1902, circular issued by the Denver office cites "Frank Boyd" as one of Sundance's aliases.

[11]James D. Horan and Paul Sann, *Pictorial History of the Wild West* (New York: Crown Publishers, 1961), p. 239.

[12]Ibid.

[13]A.G. Francis, "The End of an Outlaw," *The Wide World Magazine*, May 1913.

[14]Juan Felix Erazo, testimony at judicial inquest, Tupiza, Bolivia, November 20, 1908, *Juez Instructor* Records, Roger McCord collection.

[15]Remigio Sanchez, interview with judicial authorities, Tupiza, Bolivia, November 9, 1908, *Juez Instructor* records, Roger McCord collection.

[16]Ibid.

[17]Carlos Peró, letter to Aramayo, Francke y Compania, November 4, 1908, COMIBOL Archives, Tupiza, Bolivia.

[18]Pinkerton Detective Agency Archives, Circular No. 3, Denver, Colorado, November 14, 1904.

[19]Pinkerton Detective Agency Archives.

[20]Pinkerton Detective Agency Archives, binder 72, volume 6, undated memorandum "Des[cription] of Longbaugh [sic] & wife as given by Hospital Officials who treated both in May 1902." The description reads, 'About 35. 5 ft 9, 185 or 190. Med. Comp. Brown eyes, Lt Bro hair. Lt Bro or Sandy Mustache, feet Small. not bow-legged—but feet turns in in walking. Face much tanned with the Sun." From pictures, it is clear that the staff underestimated Sundance's height.

[21]Edward M. Kirby, *The Rise and Fall of the Sundance Kid* (Iola, WI: Western Publications, 1983), p. 53.

[22]Charles Kelly, *The Outlaw Trail: The Story of Butch Cassidy and "The Wild Bunch"* (New York: Bonanza Books, 1938), pp. 134-136.

[23]Daniel Buck and Anne Meadows, "Wild Bunch Holdup in Argentina—Banco de Londres y Tarapacá," *NOLA Quarterly*, 12, No. 3, Winter 1987-88; "The Wild Bunch in South America," *WOLA Journal*, 1, No. 1 (1991); 1, No. 2 (1991); 1, No. 3 (1992); and 2, No. 2 (1992).

[24]Peró, op. cit.

[25]Ibid.

[26]Pointer, op. cit., p. 45.

[27]Kirby, op. cit., p. 53.

[28]Josie Bassett Morris, quoted in Lula Parker Betenson, as told to Dora Flack, *Butch Cassidy, My Brother* (Provo, Utah: Brigham Young University Press, 1975), p. 195.

[29]Peró, op. cit.

[30]Francis, op. cit.

[31]Ibid.

[32]Ibid.

[33]Peró, op. cit.

[34]James D. Horan, *The Wild Bunch* (New York: Signet, 1958), p. 15.

[35]Kirby, op. cit., p. 42.

[36]Pointer, op. cit., p. 48.

[37]Raul Cea, "Memorias de un cordilleraro," *Raices*, 1, No. 18, Cholila, Argentina, January 27, 1991.

[38]Horan and Sann, op. cit., p. 235.

[39]Matt Warner, as told to Murray E. King, *The Last of the Border Riders* (New York: Bonanza Books, 1940), p. 323

[40]Tom Kyle, "Did Butch Cassidy Die in Spokane? Phillips Photo Fails," *Old West*, Fall 1991, p. 26.

[41]Betenson, op. cit., p. 195.

[42]Undated Mormon Archive record found by the authors among documents compiled by Larry Pointer in the 1970s.

[43]Family Group Record, provided to the authors by Mrs. Lee V. Carlson, Salt Lake City, Utah, September 3, 1991.

[44]Butch's niece, who wishes to remain anonymous, telephone conversation with the authors, early 1992.

[45]Jim Dullenty, "Who Really Was William T. Phillips of Spokane—Outlaw or Imposter?" *WOLA Journal*, 1, No. 2 (1991).

[46]Ibid.

[47]Max Parker, telephone conversation with Larry Pointer, September 12, 1975.

[48]Dullenty, op. cit.

[49]L.L. Newton, "Regan Says Phillips Not Cassidy," *Wyoming State Journal*, Lander, Wyoming, May 7, 1942.

[50]Bert Vincent, "What Happened to the Rest of the 'Hole-In-The-Wall' Gang," *Knoxville* (Tennessee) *News-Sentinel*, January 26, 1930.

[51]Charlene Gilbert, archivist, California State Archives, Sacramento, California, letter to authors, August 7, 1987. According to the San Quentin Prison register, Hanlon was forty-five years old on June 20, 1919, when he entered the prison.

[52]Kirby, op. cit., pp. 113-121.

[53]Ibid., p. 148.

[54]Gilbert, op. cit.

[55]Kirby, op. cit., p. 144.

[56]Donna Ernst, conversation with the authors, July 1992.

[57]Kirby, op. cit., p. 146.

[58]Francisco Juarez, conversation with the authors, October 1990.

[59]Donna Ernst, conversation with the authors, April 1992.

[60] Frank Aller, letter to the American Minister, op. cit.

[61]James D. Horan, *The Authentic Wild West: The Outlaws* (New York: Crown Publishers, 1977), p. 290.

[62]Hiram Bingham, *Across South America* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1911), pp. 81-82.

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The Battle of Bear

By JAMES F. VARLEY

The slaughter was great and the fighting vicious; some have called it a ruthless massacre. Few today, however, are aware of the fierce clash which took place in 1863 between Shoshone Indians and volunteer soldiers from California. The obscure battle occurred on the banks of the slow-flowing Bear River in southeastern Idaho, a short distance north of Preston. A historical marker near the site provides the only hint that the surrounding farmland was once a killing ground.

During the Civil War, the Third California Volunteer Infantry Regiment was assigned to protect the Overland Trail and the newly completed transcontinental telegraph in Utah and parts of Nevada and Wyoming. Those two vital lifelines were thought to be at risk from Secessionists, Indians, and Utah's troublesome Mormon leader, Brigham Young.

Utah State Historical Society

Patrick E. Connor, circa 1865.

The commander of the Third was a fiery, Irish-born adventurer, Colonel Patrick Edward Connor, a successful Stockton businessman who had served with valor leading an independent company of Texas volunteers in the Mexican War. He had been in California since 1850, seeking his fortunes in a variety of exciting ventures (including prospecting, logging, and piloting steamships), but was best known as having been a prominent member of the California Rangers who captured and lopped off the head of a man supposed to be the notorious bandit, Joaquin Murrieta.

Connor and his regiment, with several companies of California cavalry, made the long march over the Sierra Nevada and across the hot, alkaline desert to Utah in the summer and early fall of 1862. Once at Salt Lake City, the tempestuous colonel became vehemently anti-Mormon after witnessing widespread disregard of a new federal law prohibiting polygamy. He thus built his major garrison—Camp Douglas—on a sloping plateau to the east of the Mormon capital at a point, he said, where "one thousand troops would be more efficient than three thousand on the other side of the Jordan River."

Connor declared a four-square-mile reserve and later expanded it after a few saloons "and another institution forbidden by Moses," as the *Deseret News* called it, threatened to grow outside the original lines. With the cold Utah winter close at hand, the first buildings erected at the new post were necessarily crude. Quarters consisted of "Connor tents"—four-feet-deep holes covered with canvas and equipped with fireplaces.

From the beginning, Connor used his cavalry under its brutal commander, Major Edward McGarry, to engage surrounding Indian tribes in small skirmishes. Indian depredations, both real and imagined, provoked the fights. On one expedition, prompted by a supposed massacre in Nevada, McGarry and his

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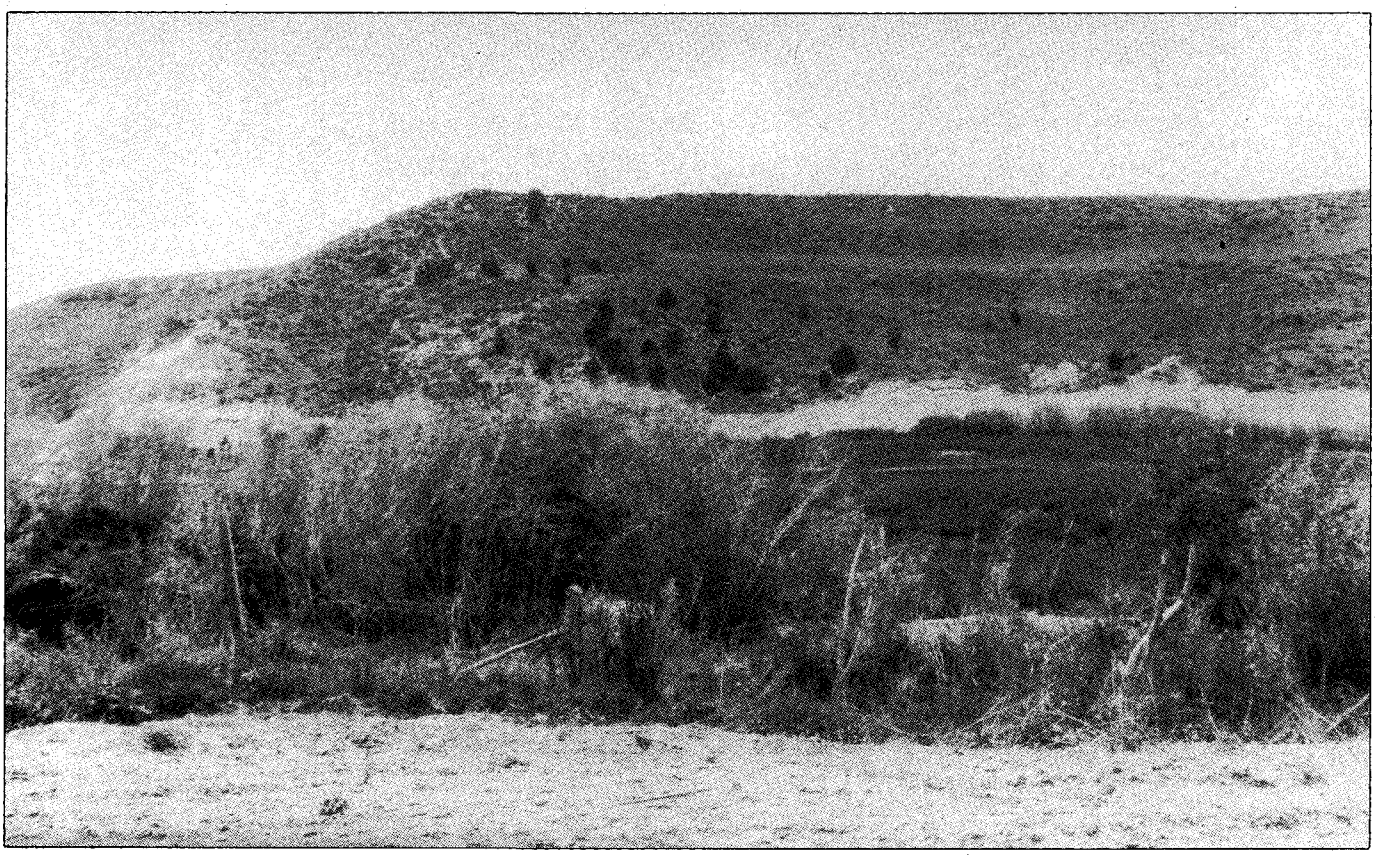
River

men shot twenty-four Western Shoshones and Goshiutes, the major said, while they were "trying to escape." Later, from the Shoshone band of Chief Bear Hunter, McGarry's men recovered a white boy named Reuban Van Orman, who had been captured two years earlier in southwestern Idaho. Zachias Van Orman, uncle of the boy, and some of his scouts and Indian fighters helped with the rescue. Those fights, combined with a number of fierce Indian attacks on emigrants near Idaho's City of Rocks the previous summer, put Connor in a combative mood. It took only the killing of several white miners in Bear Hunter's territory in December and January to precipitate a major battle.

Connor used a well-placed deception to move some 200 cavalrymen northward, undetected, to the Shoshones' winter encampment on the Bear River. A handful of "irregulars" also rode along with the cavalry, among them Zachias Van Orman. This mounted contingent rode only at night while a single infantry company, accompanied by a small artillery battery, moved in full view during daylight. Storms had pelted the region for over a month, and the march in deep snow and intense cold

Fort Douglas Museum

Camp Douglas soldiers drill with mountain howitzers, about 1868.



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The Bear River battleground, looking from Battle Creek toward the west side of the valley.

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Camp Douglas, Utah Territory, about 1865.

caused frostbite among the troops, many of whom had to be left behind along the route.

Connor's force arrived just after dawn on January 29, 1863, on the bluffs above the river and in sight of Bear Hunter's large camp about a mile to the northwest. Although the Shoshones had earlier learned of the infantry movement, they had not moved from their skillfully-fortified position in a deep ravine, dense with willows, through which flows the stream now known as Battle Creek.

After a difficult crossing of the ice-clogged Bear River, four cavalry companies formed a battle line. One warrior came forward brandishing a scalp-adorned spear. Another behind him taunted brazenly, "Fours right, fours left; come on you California sons of bitches!"

Thus began a four-hour battle. The initial assault proved deadly to the whites, and not until the infantry—wet and freezing—finally crossed the river did they trap the Indians. Fire from three points brought a terrible slaughter. Many Shoshones tried to escape into the river, but fell instead in heaps along its banks.

At battle's end, Connor's men collected their dead and destroyed the Indian camp, along with huge amounts of provisions and plunder the Shoshones had taken from emigrants. Both the soldiers and the 160 surviving Indian women and children spent a cold, miserable night camped near the battleground. With over twenty dead, forty-five wounded, and many more frostbitten, the Californians could find only one officer and twenty-five men fit for duty. The next morning, the wounded were rushed back to Salt Lake City in sleighs and wagons.

Edith Farmer Elliot Photo

Reuban Van Orman, his uncle Zachias Van Orman (at the boy's right), and Zachias' scouts and Indian fighters, taken after Reuban's recovery from Bear Hunter's band of Shoshones.

CONNOR PLACED the number of Shoshones killed at 224, but other estimates went as high as 368, including many women and children. While the colonel admitted that some women and children had died, he insisted that it could not have been avoided.

Mormon settlers were particularly pleased with the battle. The people of Logan, Utah, saw Connor's arrival to relieve them of their Indian problem as "a providence of the Almighty." As a direct result of the battle, several significant treaties were made with an estimated 8,650 Shoshones, Goshiutes, and Bannocks.

After largely settling his Indian troubles, Connor, by then a brigadier

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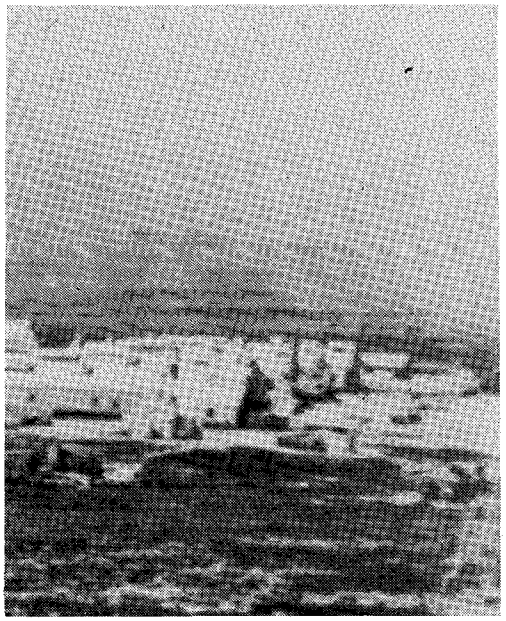

Fort Douglas Museum

After a difficult crossing of the ice-clogged Bear River, four cavalry companies formed a battle line. One warrior came forward brandishing a scalp-adorned spear. Another behind him taunted brazenly, "Fours right, fours left; come on you California sons of bitches!"

general, set about to "regenerate" Utah by luring to it a large non-Mormon population. He encouraged off-duty soldiers—many of whom were former miners—to prospect over a wide region. As a result, the volunteers discovered the first rich silver and copper deposits in Utah, as well as many in Nevada and Idaho. Connor and his men also published Utah's first daily newspaper, helped a group of dissident Mormons establish Soda Springs, Idaho, and built the first ferry near what is now Idaho Falls.

In 1865, General Connor became commander of the Department of the Plains and led a large expedition deep into the Powder River region. Near Ranchester, Wyoming, he led his force against some 700 Arapahos and burned their camp before the government recalled his expedition during the army's post-Civil War retrenchment.

In 1866, Pat Connor left the army as a brevet major general. He spent the remainder of his life in mining and railroad ventures in Utah and Nevada. In 1869 he was instrumental in establishing a new boom town, Corinne, north of Salt Lake City. He built and ran steamboats and schooners on the lake and smelters at Rush Valley, and devised a variety of other expansive schemes. However, he died in relative penury at Salt Lake City in 1891 at age seventy-one. He is buried in the Fort Douglas cemetery, near the spot where he first camped with his Californians in 1862.

Author's Photo

Bear River battle monument, Fort Douglas cemetery.

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Jefferson's Forgotten Expedition

By CHARLES W. SASSER

Lewis and Clark had barely swung into the muddy mouth of the Missouri River on their epic adventure to explore the American West when President Thomas Jefferson turned his attention to the Red River of the Southwest. An expedition to that region, about which Americans knew little, might not only open a trail to the remote and fabled Spanish outpost of Santa Fe but might also help counter Spanish claims to the unsettled Louisiana-Texas border and establish trade with the mysterious nomad Indian tribes of the lower Great Plains.

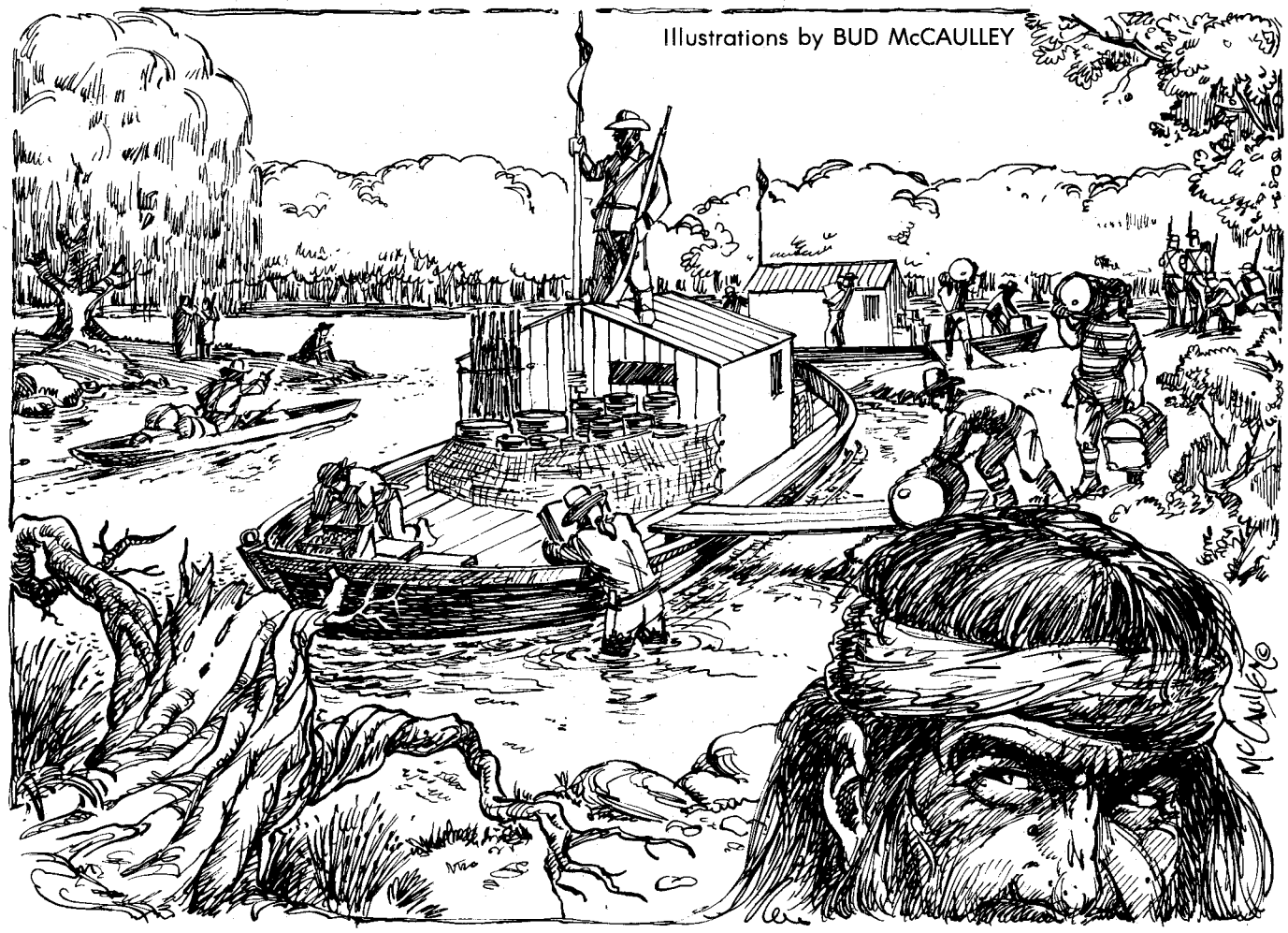
William Dunbar, a Natchez, Mississippi, scientist whom Jefferson charged with organizing this second of a number of planned expeditions to map western rivers, wrote that the Red River was supposed to "run a very long course thro' immense regions of the richest and most fertile lands [which] will hereafter support a prodigious population.

"Wonderful stories of wonderful productions are said to exist," Dunbar added. Among them were bison, tigers, giant water serpents, and unicorns.

While Jefferson and Dunbar labored over plans for the project, Vice President Aaron Burr and General James Wilkinson, Jefferson's appointed governor of Louisiana, plotted to start a war with Spain. "The Burr Conspiracy," as it became known, was an elaborate scheme to build an empire in the Southwest through the private conquest of Texas and Mexico. If the United States and Spain could be maneuvered into war, Burr and Wilkinson stood to gain wealth and power.

Although Wilkinson was the ranking general in the United States Army, he was also "Secret Agent 13" in the pay of the king of Spain. "Wilkinson is entirely devoted to us," wrote one Spanish official. "He enjoys considerable pension from the King."

Two Red River craft specially designed for shallow water travel carried casks of gunpowder, medicines, microscopes, and other stores and scientific instruments.



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On one hand, Wilkinson urged Jefferson to explore. "Years of exploration and volumes . . . will be found necessary to the exhibition of a correct natural history of this wonderful country," he said. On the other hand, he encouraged the Spanish to resist American exploration. "The post of Nacogdoches," he wrote to his Spanish contact, "ought to be strongly fortified . . . [and] a fort ought to be established on the Sabine River . . . . Spain will show evident proofs to the United States of its determination to drive back every . . . usurpation toward the region of Texas." If Spain were not careful, Wilkinson warned, Mexico would be overrun by armies of "adventurous desperados . . . like the ancient Goths and Vandals."

By the first week of January 1806, Jefferson and Dunbar had picked their "Grand Excursion" leaders. The expedition was the largest and most expensive ever launched up to that time, eclipsing even the Lewis and Clark trip. It would also be the first expedition led by civilian scientists and the first to include an academically-trained naturalist.

Dunbar selected a civil engineer and surveyor named Thomas Freeman as the expedition's field leader and geographer. In his thirties, the Irish immigrant had apparently caught Jefferson's eye while working on the survey for the nation's capital.

"Great many difficulties, and some personal danger will attend the exploration," Freeman wrote to his friend John McKee, adding with a burst of exhuberance, "but I will 'Stick or go through.' The more danger, the more honor."

Freeman selected as his naturalist twenty-five-year-old Peter Custis. Custis was still a year away from his doctorate in medicine and natural history.

On January 17 the two men left Philadelphia for Natchez, Mississippi. At Fort Adams on the Mississippi River they joined up with Captain Richard Sparks, whom Jefferson had personally selected to command the expedition's military escort. A personal friend of Meriwether Lewis, Sparks had been reared by the Shawnees. Dunbar said he was regarded as "one of the best woodsmen, bush fighters, and hunters in the army." Considering the Spanish threat and the possibility of hostile Indians, Dunbar noted caustically that "on the Red River there may be occupation for him."

On April 28 the Freeman-Custis expedition departed Fort Adams and headed down the Mississippi River for the mouth of the Red. The party consisted of the two leaders, Captain Sparks and his lieutenant, two noncomissioned officers, a black servant whom Custis apparently brought, and seventeen soldiers. They were armed with Pennsylvania-Kentucky rifles and a few Model 1803 .54 caliber rifles.

Don Francisco Viana, adjutant inspector of Spanish troops, remarked of the "irremediable damage" that would occur if the Freeman-Custis expedition managed to "union . . . with the faithless Taboayases Indians, and the Comanches."

Two Red River craft that Dunbar had specially designed for shallow water travel carried casks of gunpowder, 300 flints, medicines, microscopes, telescopes, and other stores and scientific instruments. The boats were flat-bottomed, twenty-five feet by eight feet, and drew but sixteen to twenty inches of water fully loaded. They had curved gunnels at bow and stern and were fitted out with "commodious cabins" to house the leaders. With the boats the men hoped to make forty miles a day.

Jefferson had instructed the party to follow the Red from its mouth to the remotest source of its main branch. The expedition was to make astronomical observations and measure distances, to observe and note soil and terrain, animals, plants, and minerals, and to "court intercourse with the natives as intensively as you can."

Jefferson cautioned, "If at any time a superior force authorized or not authorized by a nation should be arrayed against your further progress and inflexibly determined to arrest it, you must decline its further pursuit and return."

Through spies deployed at Fort Adams and all along the Mississippi and the Red as far north as Natchitoches, the last American settlement and supply point on the river, the conspirators Wilkinson and Burr kept close watch on the expedition. They also reported its progress to the Spanish.

Like pieces in a great game of chess, Spanish troops from Mexico and the Texas interior moved to checkmate Freeman and Custis. More than 500 Spanish dragoons marched to the Nacogdoches garrison, and a contingent of 135 Spaniards driving 400 horses and sixty-three beeves advanced to the Neches River in Texas. The Spanish commander at Nacogdoches ordered Jose Guadiana to visit the Alabama-Coushatta Indian villages along the Attoyac and Sabine rivers to recruit one hundred warriors to attack the Americans.

The Freeman-Custis expedition ascended the river slower than expected. By May 3 it had gone only twenty-six miles. Describing the lower part of the river, Freeman said, "Few men can be found hardy enough to stand the poisonous effects of half dried mud, putrid fish and vegetable matter—almost impenetrable cane brakes, and swarms of mosketos [sic]—with which these low lands abound."

Oaring steadily, the party passed a number of small European settlements and Indian villages (mostly those of Creeks moving west ahead of American civilization) before arriving in Natchitoches, 220 miles above the mouth of the Red, on May 19. There the expedition, aware of Spanish movement to intercept it, refitted and augmented its strength with an additional twenty soldiers from nearby Fort Claiborne, "for the purpose," Freeman noted, "of assisting the exploring party to ascend the river . . . as far . . . as might appear necessary to repel by force any opposition they might meet with."

On June 2, the journey continued. The

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expedition now consisted of forty-seven explorers and heavily-armed soldiers in two river boats and five pirogues hewn out of cypress logs. An anonymous dispatch from Natchitoches to Spanish authorities in Nacogdoches warned that the party had provisioned itself to ascend the Red as high as possible in order to plant the American flag.

"From the way they boast," wrote the informant, who was likely in Wilkinson's employ, "I believe they intend to go . . . with the object of acquiring lands and mines. Do not let them brag about making this expedition." Don Francisco Viana, adjutant inspector of Spanish troops, remarked of the "irremediable damage" that would occur if the Freeman-Custis expedition managed to "union . . . with the faithless Taboayases Indians, and the Comanches."

While the American rivermen toiled foot by foot through the "Great Raft"—log jams that blocked the river for nearly one hundred miles upriver of Natchitoches—Viana dispatched a Spanish force to intercept the expedition in east Texas on the Blackland Prairie buffalo grounds near the principal village of the Caddos. He was disappointed that only seven Indians had arrived to fight the Americans.

At the same time, a second Spanish force of one hundred dragoons and 500 mounted militia prepared to leave Santa Fe, 800 miles away, to capture Freeman and Custis should the expedition elude the east Texas forces. On June 8 Lucas Talapoon, the expedition's interpreter and guide, reported seeing a contingent of Spanish troops depart Nacogdoches for east Texas to reinforce troops on the Neches River.

Spies literally passed each other in the woods between Natchitoches and Nacogdoches. In spite of the rising tension, Freeman and Custis concentrated on their progress and attempted to carry out Jefferson's instructions to study the flora and fauna of the wild land through which they passed.

Spies literally passed each other in the woods between Natchitoches and Nacogdoches. In spite of the rising tension, Freeman and Custis concentrated on their progress and attempted to carry out Jefferson's instructions.

Custis wrote in his journal, "The river below the Raft was narrow, rapid, and meandering in every direction, above is broad and placid, with high banks covered with lofty cotton trees. Were the Rafts removed so as to admit of navigation this country in a very short time would become the Paradise of America."

In late June, the party reached the Alabama-Coushatta Creek Indian village which stood high on a sandstone bluff above the river. Caddo Chief Dehahuit and forty of his warriors rode into the village the morning of July 1 to greet the Americans and let them know that a force of 300 Spanish dragoons was encamped on the Texas prairie twenty-five miles away near the main Caddo village.

Custis was much taken by the short, muscular Indians. He was also impressed with their primary weapon, the bow and arrow, "which they yield with astonishing dexterity and force. It is said they can with great ease throw the arrow entirely through a buffaloe [sic]."

Chief Dehahuit, Custis recalled, "was extremely afraid [the Spanish] intended to spill our blood and that it had created in his breast much uneasiness, that it had been a law among his ancestors not to suffer the blood of whites ever to be spilt on their grounds."

By that time, Spain had assembled the largest army ever seen in Texas. In addition, the governor of the state of Nuevo Leon in Mexico ordered 1,000 fresh dragoons to march north to Nacogdoches to protect the Texas border against invasion. Parts of that army would break off and rendezvous with the Spanish forces near the Caddo village.

The expedition's boats and pirogues, with Caddo guides, left the Alabama-Coushatta Creek village on July 11. The men worked their way west. "The Valley of the Red River is one of the richest and most beautiful imaginable," Freeman noted. "It cannot be exceeded either in fertility or beauty, by any part of America, or perhaps of the world."

Apprehension continued to mount, however, among the explorers as the inevitable confrontation with the Spanish drew near. So high was the expectation of attack that the Indians of the party encamped separately.

On July 26 three Caddos from Chief Dehahuit caught up with the Americans. More than 1,000 Spanish soldiers had departed the Caddo village, they said. Before leaving, the Spanish commander ripped down an American flag flying over the village and exclaimed that he was going after the explorers on the Red whom he would kill or carry off in irons.

"The Indians," wrote Freeman, "were very much distressed and wanted the party to return. . . . On my declaring that my instructions were to proceed until stopped by a superior force . . . they said they would proceed with the party, but were certain none would ever go back."

That evening, the Americans cached provisions and ammunition in preparation for a defense should they be attacked and have to withdraw. Three days later, proceeding cautiously upriver, they encountered the enemy for the first time. A Spanish *piquet* guard of about twenty-two soldiers scattered into the forests and hid as the expedition approached. "Arms were taken out, examined, and laid ready for use at a moment's notice," Freeman wrote in his journal.

Rounding the next bend in the river, the explorers spotted sentinels of the main Spanish camp on a bluff about a mile ahead. Freeman immediately called a halt and ordered fires lit for prepara-

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"About half an hour after the party landed, a large detachment of Horse, with four officers in front, advanced in a full gallop from the Spanish camp along the beach towards us."

tion of the evening meal. Captain Sparks established a defense in the thick river growth that backed the level sand beaches along the river.

Freeman described what happened next. "About half an hour after the party landed, a large detachment of Horse, with four officers in front, advanced in a full gallop from the Spanish camp along the beach towards us. As soon as they reached the water, and were about crossing to the side on which the Americans were, [the expedition's soldiers] were ordered to ascend the bank and range themselves along it in the cane brake and bushes, and be ready to fire . . . and to keep up their fire in the most effective manner possible.

"The men being thus concealed from sight, with rests for their pieces, in a position inaccessible to horse, could, with perfect safety to themselves, have given the enemy a severe reception," Freeman continued, noting that a non-commissioned officer and six privates went out far enough to gain the rear of the Spanish force.

The Spanish column advanced through the water at full speed, apparently intent on a charge despite a warning from the American sentinels to halt. The sentinels issued a second order to halt, then cocked their rifles and made ready to fire. The Spanish squadron halted about 150 yards from the American line. "The [Spanish] officers slowly advanced, and were met about 50 yards in front of the sentinels by Captain Sparks, who was soon joined by myself, when a parley of nearly three quarters of an hour long ensued," Freeman wrote.

"The Spanish commander," Sparks said later, "appears to have perceived our advantage, and the awkward situation in which he had placed himself."

Freeman added, "The Spanish officers seemed to respect and fear the decision and arrangement made for their reception. [They] watched with anxiety the bank where the men were posted. Their principal course of alarm however seemed to arise from some cotton bushes . . . which they supposed to be a musket battery, as they believed the party had artillery with them."

Sparks' choice of defense was later credited with averting a general war with Spain and thus thwarting the Burr Conspiracy. Thomas Freeman followed Jefferson's instruction to withdraw if confronted by a superior force. On July 30, 1806, after three months on the Red River and 615 miles, the Freeman-Custis expedition withdrew downriver to Natchitoches.

The expedition at the time was perceived as such a failure that it was quickly forgotten by government and the public alike, thus earning the name "the forgotten expedition." Later considerations, however, marked it as one of the most important explorations ever launched in the West. Not only did Americans make official contact with Southwestern Indians for the first time, but American scientists first collected and studied data from an ecosystem that was as near as possible to its original state. Naturalists use the Freeman-Custis studies as a standard by which to judge the natural state of the Southwest today.

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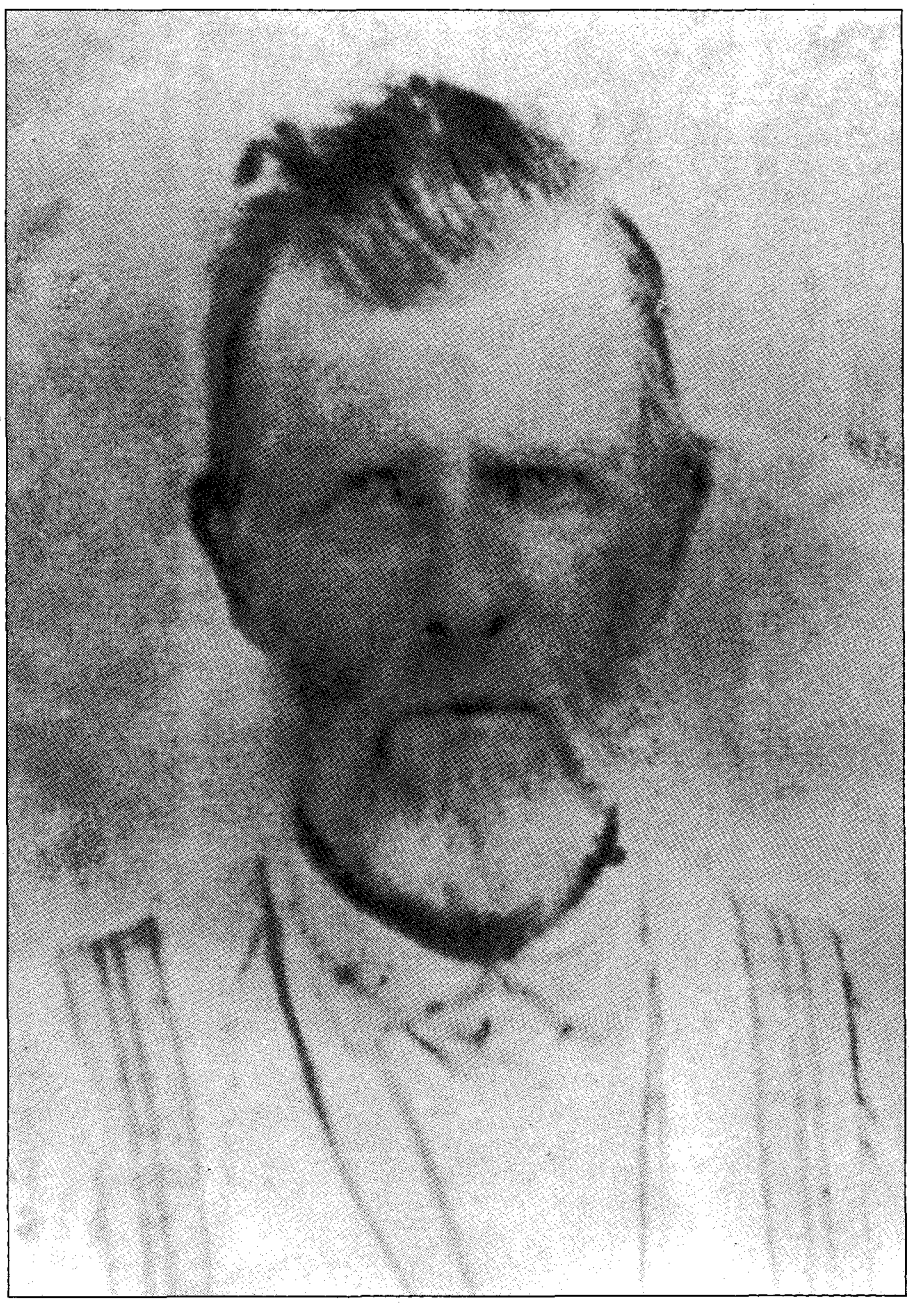
Ike Malone Westerner

By STEVEN D. MALONE

Ike Malone's grave is similar to the others in the old Hico, Texas cemetery, just as it is similar to others all over the American West. It lies in stony ground amid windblown grass and weeds in a cemetery that, like the ghost town of Hico, is almost forgotten. The people and the settlement moved off, following the railhead, and now only the gravestones and the brick ruins linger. Ike Malone's grave, however, contains the remains of a true Westerner.



Ira E. Malone Collection

Ike Malone as Hico, Texas, postmaster, about 1873.

Three times, Ike pulled up stakes and headed west, moving into territories newly opened on the vast American frontier. Each time he cleared the land, built his house, raised children, and helped create towns and churches. Ike faced and survived all the privation frontier life presented, withstanding the affronts of Indians and outlaws.

Born in late 1813 or early 1814, Ike was the last of four children born to Rhoda and Issac Malone. His brothers were David and Thomas; a sister's name is not recorded. Issac, a veteran of the War of 1812, served in Georgia and North Carolina. The war was barely over and the news of the battle at New Orleans still fresh when Issac died. He left an estate appraised at seven dollars.

The widowed Rhoda hung on alone, keeping the family together on land she inherited from her family. The United States census of 1820 for Chester County, South Carolina, lists Rhoda as head-of-household, then a rare distinction for a woman.

The War of 1812 removed the last British influence over lands and Indians outside the original colonies, and Americans felt free to migrate westward. In the Treaty of Doak's Stand, October 18, 1820, Choctaw Indians ceded the western half of their lands to the United States, and it became part of Mississippi. Rhoda sold her inheritance in South Carolina in 1821 and appeared again as a female head-of-household on the first tax roll of Copiah County, Mississippi.

The land around the area is rolling hills and hardwood forests. Ike soon learned to clear land and to farm. He also learned at least enough writing to sign his name. In 1831, Ike met and married his cousin, Pretia Nix, and by 1832 was a head-of-household in his own right.

Ike prospered and he and Pretia had eleven children—Amanda, Manerva, Martha, Thomas, Burns, Melissa, Nar-

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cisse, John, and Newton; a set of twins died at one day old. He received title to eighty acres on September 27, 1838, in a time of enormous turmoil in Mississippi. The state was in the midst of a great banking scandal due to failed investments in rail development. The trouble led to a massive depression and wholesale foreclosures for both plantations and poor farms. During that time, "G.T.T." (Gone to Texas) began appearing on the backs of foreclosure notices as people abandoned their homes and headed to the new republic.

By 1845, discussion in Mississippi of the coming annexation of Texas had so excited the Malone brothers that all three sold their property and went west. David took his family to Bienville Parish, Louisiana, near where his wife's family lived, while Ike and Thomas bought land in the Mercer Colony in Texas.

The colony's founder, Charles Fenton Mercer, was the last and one of the most controversial of the Texas empresarios. The empresario system began with the old Mexican policy of granting land to men who contracted to settle a specific number of colonists. Mercer, a Virginia politician, served as a brigadier general during the War of 1812 and had helped organize a plan to establish the free state of Liberia in Africa as a "home" for American blacks. He became the last empresario of the Republic of Texas when he persuaded President Sam Houston to grant him a contract on January 29, 1844. The Texas congress repealed all laws authorizing colonization contracts over Houston's veto on January 30.

Ike received 640 acres and was paying a poll tax as early as 1846. He farmed the acreage and raised his children there for the next seventeen years.

For reasons of his own, Ike moved his wife, four daughters, and his youngest son to the edge of Comanche country in 1863, right in the middle of the Civil War. He had likely heard of the considerable potential out in the grassland in Hamilton County. His brother Thomas had moved there by 1860. Ike's son-in-law, John Alford, was also in Hamilton County by that time. Alford had arrived with a wagon load of dry goods and opened the first store in the area. A short time later he received permission to set up a post office. As postmaster, he could name the settlement, and chose Hico, after his hometown in Kentucky.

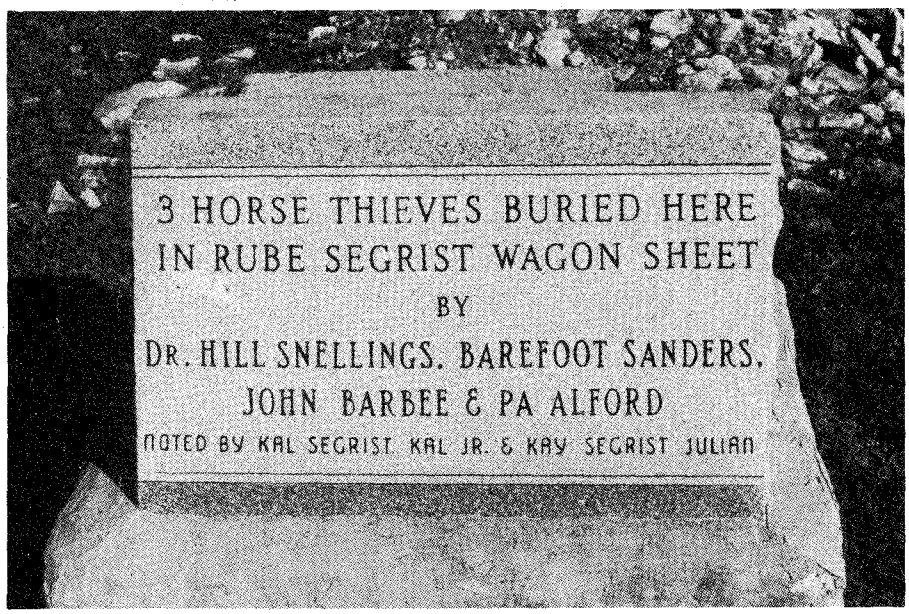
Heading west again would have been a hard decision for the fifty-five-year-old Ike. The situation in Texas was grim in 1863. Comanches had taken advantage of the withdrawal of federal troops from Texas at the start of the Civil War and had stepped up attacks against whites. Along the "Indian front," organized militia companies patrolled in response to that threat. The Confederacy even offered its Westerners exemption from service in the main theaters of the war if they would stay home and serve in local defense units. Ike's oldest son, Burns, refused the exemption, enlisted in the Eighth Texas Regiment and marched into Arkansas and Louisiana.

Nevertheless, Ike packed up the remaining members of his family and left to put down new roots in Comanche country. He remained on Honey Creek in north-central Texas the rest of his life.

Before 1854, the area was empty grassland atop beds of limestone and crossed by wooded streams. By 1856, eight families had settled there to raise stock and grow a little wheat, corn, and tobacco. They lived in log homes, some with split-log floors, and subsisted on the wild deer, hogs, prairie chickens, and turkeys that were plentiful along Honey Creek. When Ike arrived, he started the second store in the settlement and soon followed that endeavor by hauling freight.

Tom Stinett, who moved to the Bosque River just below Honey Creek, described Hico in 1870. "There were two small stores in Old Hico when we arrived there, which carried a few supplies. Uncle Ike Malone and Faggard and Day owned the stores.... 'Rock' Martin kept a hotel. This hotel consisted of one big log room, with a shed room across the back, and a cabin in the backyard for a dining room and kitchen. Many were the travelers who stopped at this pioneer inn, for it was on the main trail leading to west Texas, and at this time there were many people from the East going West."

By 1879, Hico boasted eight businesses and other buildings: Ike's "store of general merchandise" competed with two others; a blacksmith shop; one saloon; a combination horsepowered corn mill and cotton gin; a school building that also served as a church; and a Masonic lodge. The log cabins disappeared and the townspeople built new homes of finished lumber hauled in from Waco, or of the abundant limestone quarried from outcroppings along the creek.



Ira E. Malone Collection

A grave marker for bandits who robbed Ike Malone sits fifty feet from respectable people and is the best stone in the Hico cemetery.

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Ira E. Malone Collection

Burns and Emily Malone around the time of Ike Malone's death in 1879.

Ike took considerable risks to keep his store stocked with the few goods he carried. He made regular thirty-day circuits from Hico to Waco, then to Hamilton and through Comanche back to Hico. From Hico, he hauled beef, hides, and sometimes cotton. He returned with lumber, sugar, coffee, salt, gun powder and gun caps, and probably cloth, clothes, and notions for the women. Ike's was a lonely and dangerous vigil atop a teamster's wagon in an empty and hostile land.

Though Ike probably used horses to pull his rig, Jacob de Cordova, in *Texas and Her Resources*, published in 1852, described teamsters like Ike. "This wagon business is a great thing in Texas. His wagon is the home of the driver; his oxen feed on the grass; he eats and sleeps at home. He penetrates the most remote part of the State for a consideration. If he cannot get it loaded, he loads it himself. He is free as dirt and cares for nobody. These men form a class by themselves, but with their useful branch of industry are destined to fade away (like the old bargemen of the Mississippi River) when the snort of the iron horse shall awaken the solitude of the prairies."

In addition to freighting, Ike actively took part in establishing Freemasonry and religion on the frontier. The Masonic Lodge of Texas lists the Old Hico lodge as Number 447 and says that Ike probably transferred his membership there from Mississippi. The Masons considered themselves a civilizing force in the half-wild state and now claim their lodges often appeared before civil government. That was probably true in old Hico. Texas Masons founded churches, schools, newspapers, and institutions of public services. They were instrumental in the Texas Revolution and claim Texas heroes Jim Bowie, Stephen F. Austin, Sam Houston, William Barret Travis, and Mirabeau B. Lamar as members.

Ike struggled to secure a place of worship for his friends and his clan amidst the trials of post-Civil War Reconstruction and Indian troubles. He was a deacon in Hico's Mount Zion Baptist Church, and in the winter of 1869 represented the church when he and others in the area sought to form a new association west of the Brazos. Indian raids made meeting in Paluxy, Texas, a dangerous undertaking. According to D.D. Tidwell's *A History of the Baptists in Erath County* (1937), the representatives of the churches and the traveling preachers kept "their pistols strapped to their waists," and a delegate had to guard the horses. On Monday morning, the third day of the meeting, word came that raiding Indians had descended upon Paluxy, coming within a mile of the meeting place, and that townspeople were off hunting them. The group of Baptists assembled quickly, guns at the ready, and promised to meet the next year in Hico. They then adjourned to hurry home, "not knowing whether their loved ones would be alive to greet them or not."

The record of Ike's dealings with Indians is incomplete, as are the records of white-Indian encounters for the entire state. In the "Report of Indian Depredations for the Use of the State's Constitutional Convention Committee of 'Frontier,'" November 1, 1875, Adjutant General William Steele wrote, "This statement based upon the Material in my office, I am aware is very incomplete. . . . The frontier people after a few reports which yielded to them no results, have discontinued reporting their losses. The newspapers teem with accounts of raids with their concomitant horrors of which my office has no official information."

However, it is known that Ike's son, Burns, just returned from Confederate service, lost his horse to Indians sometime between July 1865 and February 1867. His name appears on a

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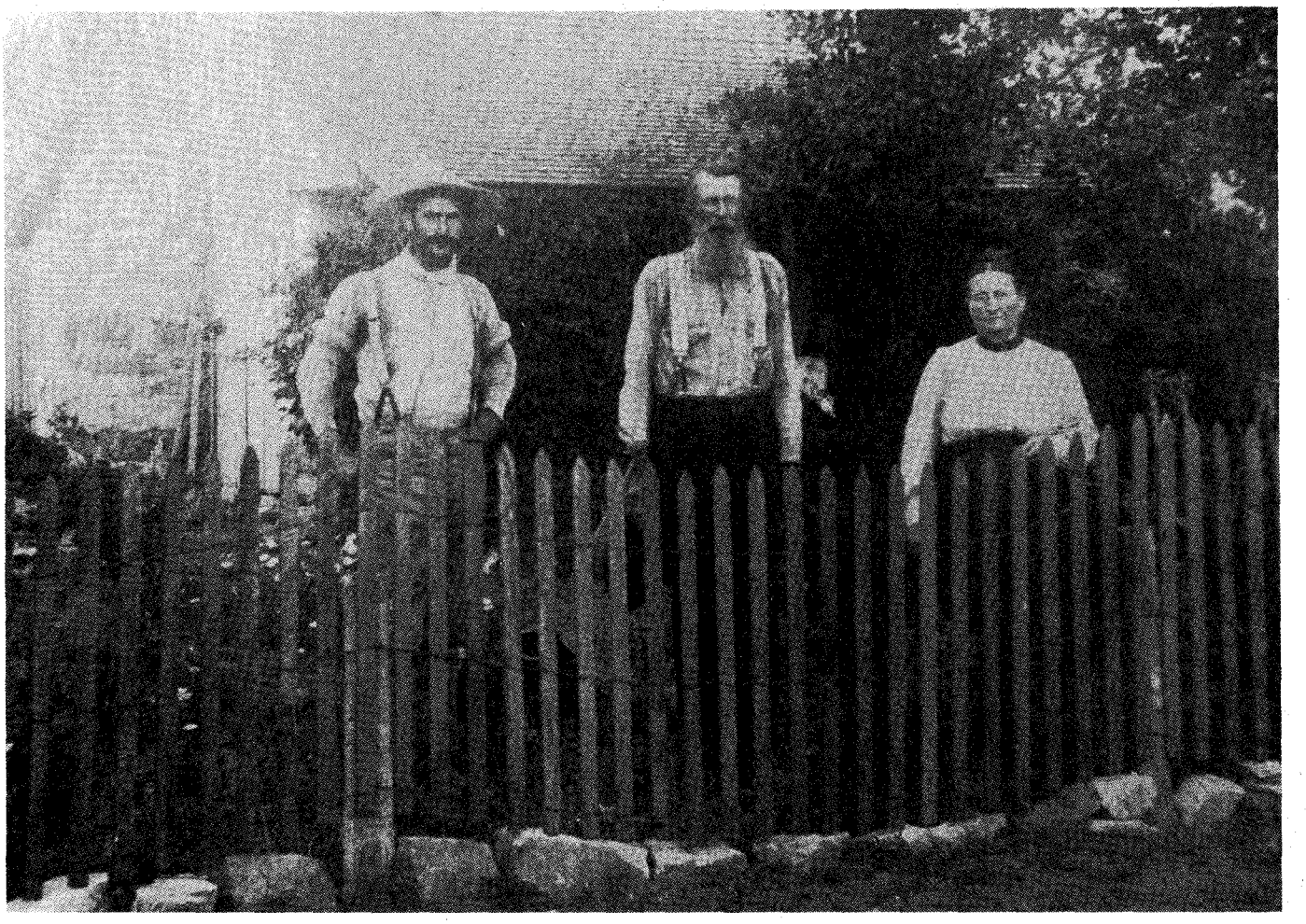

Ira E. Malone Collection

Ike Malone's son, Burns (center), his wife, Emily Fuller Malone, and his son, Ira, in front of their home near Lipan, Texas.

report of Indian horse thefts that Hamilton County Judge John S. White wrote in February 1867.

Indian troubles hit close and hard around Hico in the first two years of Reconstruction. In Hamilton County alone, from the end of the war to July 1867, three people were killed, two wounded, and one child captured and then reclaimed. Four cattle and 215 horses were stolen. During that same period in the seven counties surrounding Hico, thirty-one men, women, and children were killed; twelve wounded; fifteen captured, and 1,122 horses stolen. And that list is incomplete. In 1867, Governor James Webb Throckmorton reported that, since the end of the Civil War, Texas has seen "162 persons killed, 43 carried off into captivity, and 29 wounded."

John Alford answered an Indian alarm in the winter of 1865. Supposedly chasing Comanche raiders in a heavy snow, he found himself involved in the Battle of Dove Creek, the largest battle fought with the Indians during the Civil War, and one of the bloodiest in all the Indian Wars. He was among some

Indian troubles hit close and hard around Hico in the first two years of Reconstruction. In Hamilton County alone, from the end of the war to July 1867, three people were killed, two wounded, and one child captured and then reclaimed. Four cattle and 215 horses were stolen.

300 militia under a Captain Totten of Bosque County that joined 110 Confederates under Captain Henry Fosset. They found, instead of Comanches, some 1,400 Kickapoos under chief No-ko-aht making a peaceful move from Indian Territory to Mexico. The lengthy, confused, and widespread fight covered several miles of brush and prairie and lasted all day. Nightfall and new snow ended it, giving the Kickapoos a chance to move on, though the Texans were in full retreat. Reports say between thirty-six and fifty whites died; Indian losses were much lower.

As a result of such incidents, white people fled the Texas frontier, completely depopulating several counties. The Malones and their friends, however, stayed forted up in Hico.

Ike and the citizens of Hico gave short shrift to the outlaws so prevalent on the frontier during Reconstruction. Tom Stinnett, who wrote the description of the town in 1870, also wrote of the town's not-so-law-abiding citizens. "At times things go rather rough. Several men were killed while we were there. Father served as justice of the peace from 1872 until he died in 1894. W.H. Fuller was the first deputy sheriff appointed at Old Hico and he and my father were 'the law' for a good many years." Deputy Fuller's cousin, Emily, married Ike's son, Burns.

Ike, Deputy Fuller, and the town took

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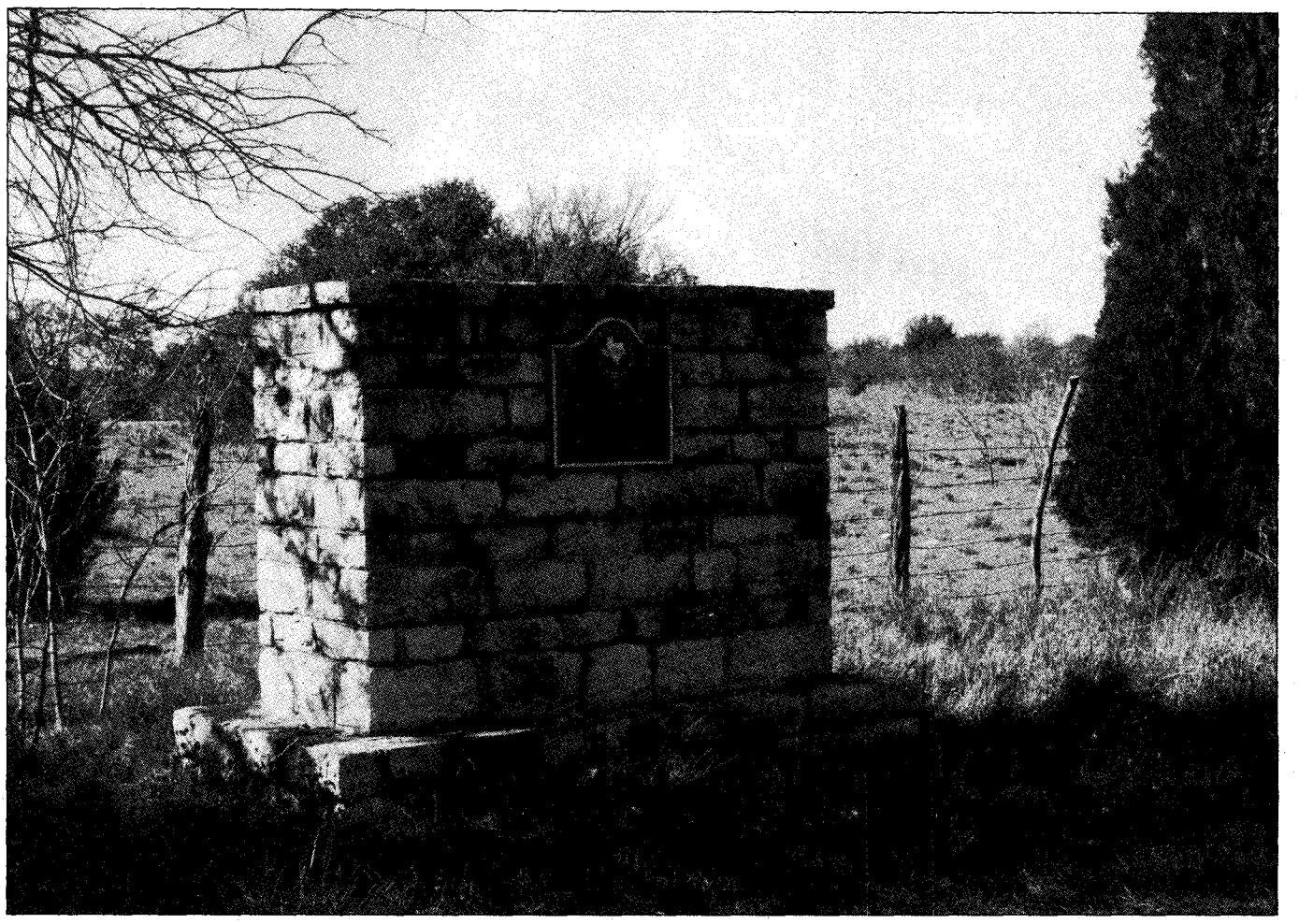

Ira E. Malone Collection

A monument marking the original site of Hico, Texas. The plaque lists Ike Malone as one of the first settlers in Hico.

care of their own with the usual forms of frontier justice. Once several desperados hijacked Ike's freight wagon near Iredell at Johnson's Peak. They stole his team of horses, his money, and his boots. Ike walked barefoot more than ten miles back to town, rounded up a posse, and chased down the bandits near Gatesville. The posse took the men back to Hico and hanged them, then wrapped the bodies in a wagon sheet and buried them in a single grave some fifty feet from "respectable people." Ironically, the bandits have the best grave marker in the cemetery; it prominently bears the names of the owners of the wagon sheet and of those who paid for the marker.

Ike was robbed at least one other time, late in his life. In late 1878 or early 1879, the aging frontiersman broke his hip in a fall. He was bedridden and his friends and second wife, Eliza Jane, cared for him. Acting on rumors that Ike kept his money hidden in stone jars, three men attacked his house. They forced those present to stand together between Ike's bed and the fireplace while they threatened and abused the ailing old man. Family legend says that Ike refused to give them any information and told them they could go ahead and shoot him because he would die soon anyway.

Frustrated with the tough old man, the bandits left. Charley Bumpus, the victim closest to the fire, stepped away and found his pants so scorched that they fell off his body. He had been too scared to notice the heat.

When the alarm sounded, the people of Hico rallied and rode down the bandits near Waco. The posse returned the culprits to Hico and locked them in a log shed that served as a jail. In the night when the guards were "away eating supper," a mob came to the shed and killed the robbers by shooting through the chinking between the logs. Hico citizens placed the bodies on display for several days so people who came from miles around could "view the end of a life of crime." The bandits' take from Ike Malone's home had been one silver dollar.

Ike made good on his prophecy to the bandits, dying on April 28, 1879, about three months after the robbery. He had survived hardship, war, Indians, and outlaws, but he could not survive confinement in his bed.

Old Hico itself soon died. When the Texas Central Railway Company constructed their line through the north corner of Hamilton County, Ike and the other townspeople accepted the railroad's proposal to relocate the town some two miles west along the tracks. The first new town lots were sold November 16, 1880. Businesses and dwellings alike quickly moved to the new location. All that remains in Old Hico are the ruins of the old Barbee Mill and a historical marker signifying the existence of a frontier community along the banks of Honey Creek.

When the Daughters of the Republic of Texas honored Ike Malone in 1983, they placed a medallion on his 104-year-old grave. They said of him simply, "All bear testimony, Ike Malone, a worthy man."

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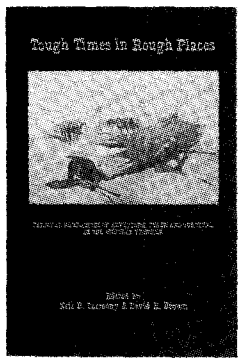

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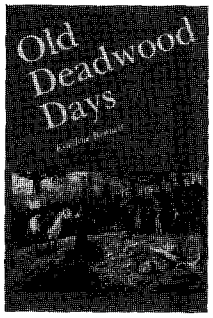

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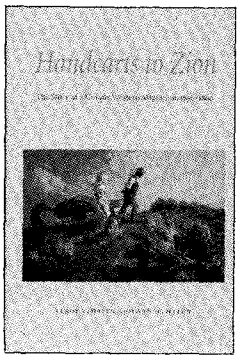

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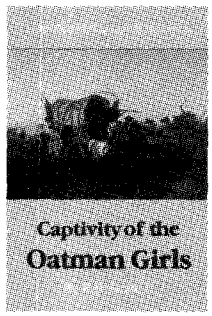

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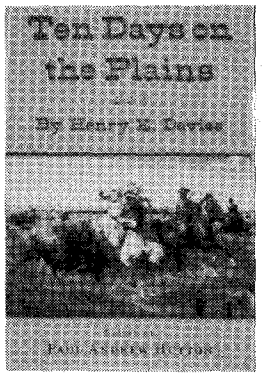

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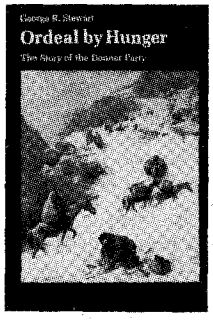

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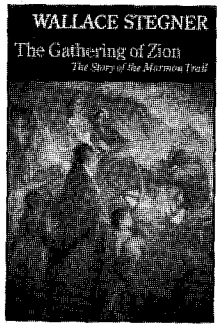

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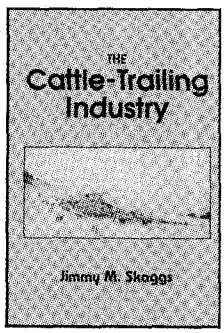

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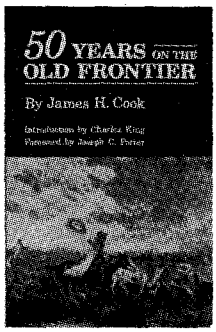

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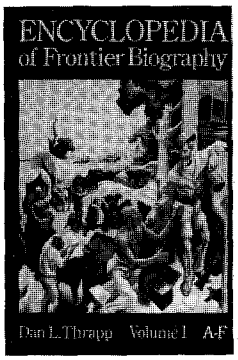

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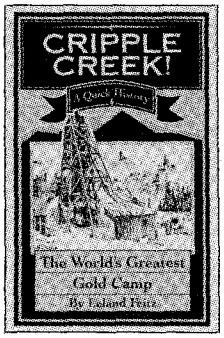

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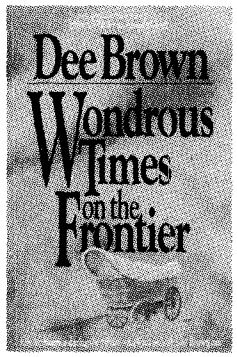

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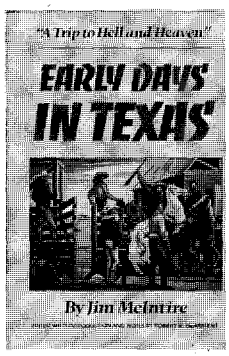

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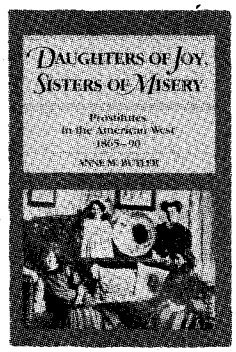

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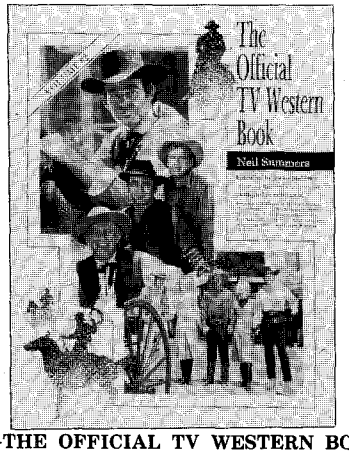

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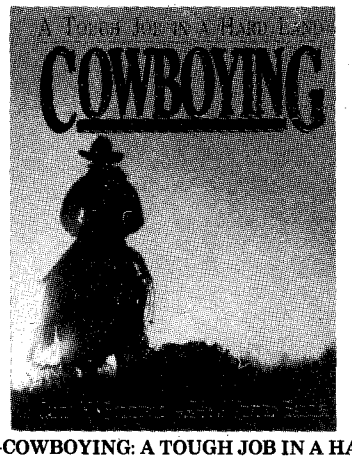

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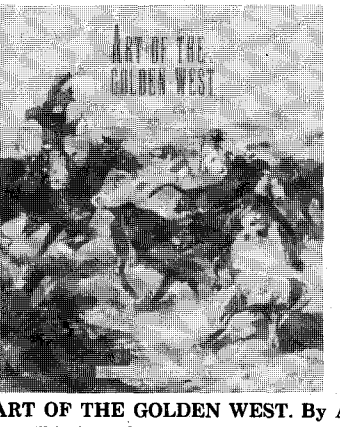

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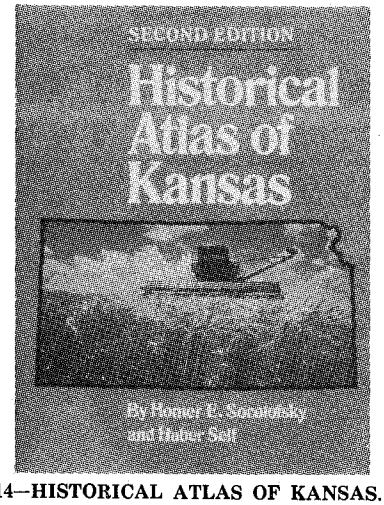

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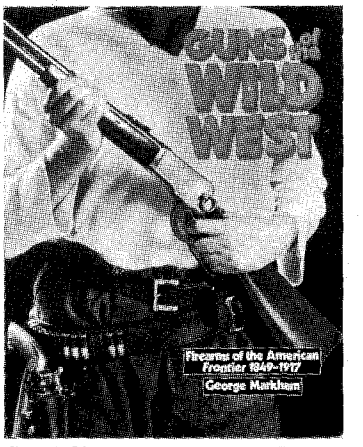

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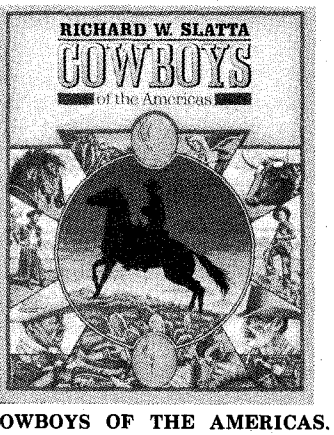

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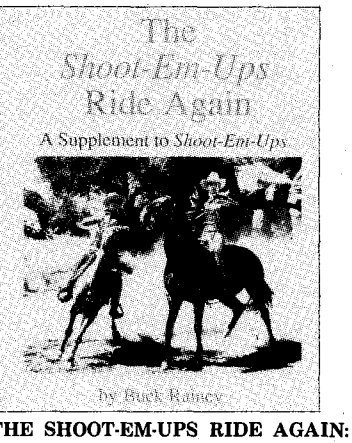

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Paiute Revenge at Cottonwood Island

By MARY G. STANO

Cottonwood Island was a five-mile stretch of fertile land on the lower Colorado River, located between the land of the Mohave Indians, who farmed along the eastern bank of the river, and the desert hovels of the Paiute Indians. Steamboats plying the river relied on its cottonwood trees for fuel, and miners from nearby El Dorado Canyon needed its grass for livestock feed. But in 1865 it became the focus of a shattered peace between the Paiutes and the Mohaves.

The Paiutes of southeastern Nevada, who called themselves Pa-ulches, lived near springs scattered among the rocks. They survived mostly on roots and nuts, while struggling to make something of their meager fields of vegetables. In contrast, the Mohaves lived within reach of Camp Mohave, a military post thirty miles south of Cottonwood Island. It supplied the Mohaves with whatever they could not obtain from their vast acres of farmland.

One of the most powerful and respected chiefs of the Mohaves was Yarateva, whom the white men called Irataba. He stood six feet, four inches tall, and his lower jaw, according to a newspaper reporter, was "massive enough to crack nuts or crush quartz." In 1864 miner John Moss, who wanted Irataba to see the power of the white man, took him to Washington, D.C. There he was given a major general's uniform that he continued to wear upon his return home, making him an even more imposing individual. Although Irataba's headquarters were on a mesa near Camp Mohave, his main stronghold was Cottonwood Island. From the island he was able to control the upper reaches of the Colorado River and grow large quantities of squash, melons, mesquite beans, and pumpkins.

Mohave County Historical Society

Chief Irataba.

Around March 1865, smallpox struck several Mohave Indians on Cottonwood Island, and an old Paiute shaman offered to do what he could for them. Although he tried every ritual he knew, chanting well into the evening hours, nine of the sick died. The Mohaves accused the shaman of purposely using an evil magic and murdered him. In retaliation, the Paiutes killed two Mohave women who wandered into one of their camps, prompting Chief Irataba to declare war on the Paiutes. To ensure a victory for his people, he first had to contend with the Chemehuevi Indians to the south.

The Chemehuevis often traveled from one water hole to the next in the deserts of southern California, spending most of their time along the Colorado River. Despite years of intertribal trading and

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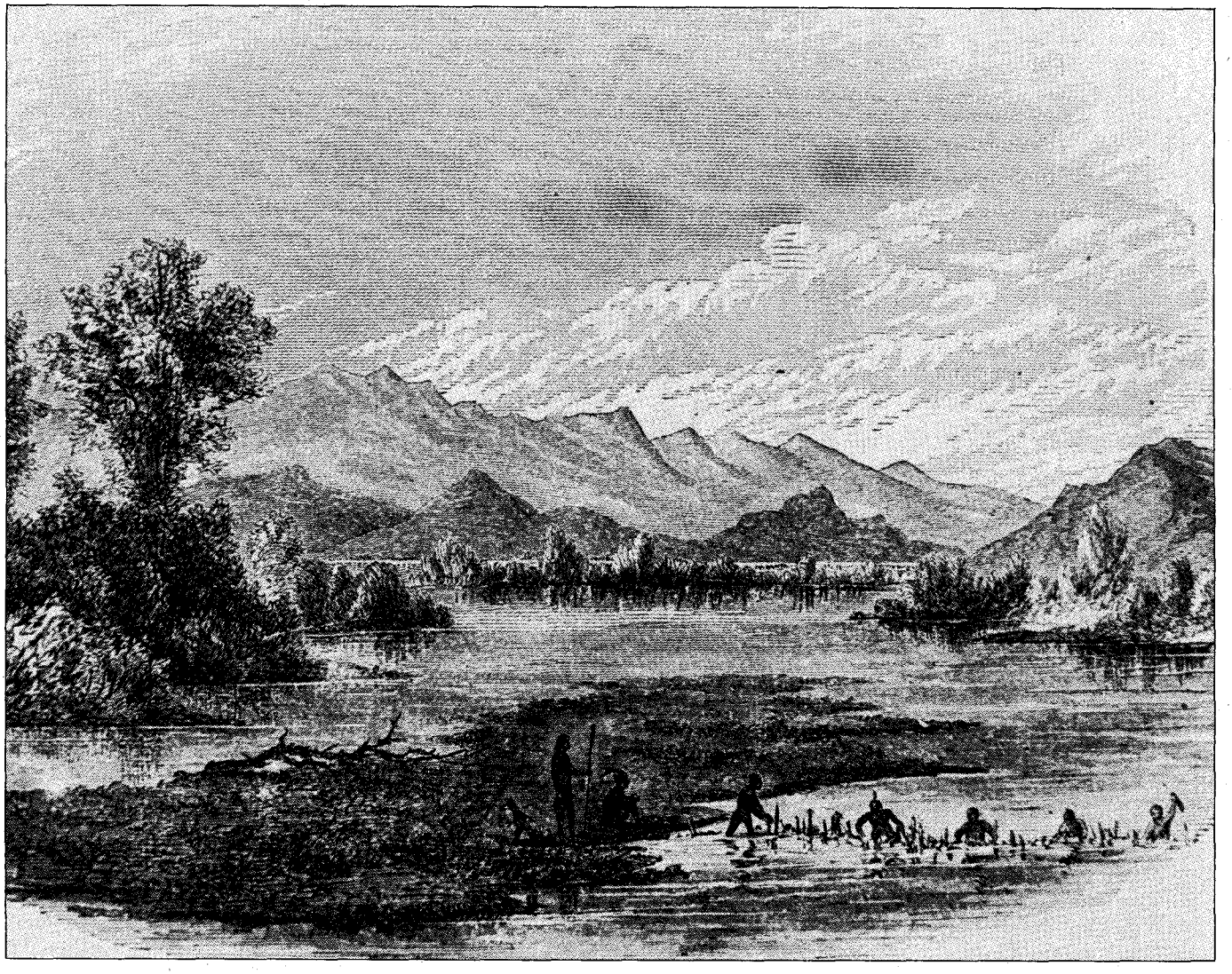
marriages, the Mohaves referred to the Chemehuevis as "lizard eaters." The Chemehuevis resented the term. Relations between the two tribes turned volatile when in a drunken fight some Mohave braves killed several Chemehuevi braves. With too few men and inadequate weapons to fight the Mohaves alone, the Chemehuevis allied themselves with the Paiutes.

Irataba feared the Chemehuevis would sweep in from the south while he was fighting the Paiutes in the north. To prevent such a tactic, he and his men attacked their southern neighbors fast and fierce in September 1865. The short battle ended in a decisive victory for the Mohaves, who pushed the Chemehuevis beyond the Colorado River into the barren California desert near Palm Springs.

With the Chemehuevis no longer a threat to his rear, Irataba headed for Cottonwood Island. He took with him 103 braves and some old shotguns the citizens of Hardyville, a mining settlement near Camp Mohave, loaned him. Twelve settlers from Hardyville accompanied Irataba and his men, but they had no intention of fighting beside them. They simply went to observe a battle Irataba and his braves were certain to win, as the Mohaves were believed to be more experienced in warfare than the Paiutes. The settlers considered the Paiutes nothing more than thieves and beggars who murdered only when there was little risk of confrontation. They doubted any of the Paiutes would challenge the armed Mohaves.

FROM COTTONWOOD Island the Mohaves, along with the twelve men from Hardyville, proceeded up a narrow trail that curved and dipped along the western bank of the Colorado River. About twenty miles from the island they spotted in the distance fifty-two Paiutes heading south with plans to raid Cottonwood Island for its crops. "The Mohaves at once opened on the Piutes [sic] with duck shot, provoking only derision from the Piutes, who resorted to gestures more forcible than elegant to express their contempt at such long-range fighting," Frank Alling, a miner from El Dorado Canyon, reported to the *Daily Alta California* newspaper. Neither the Mohaves nor the Hardyville men thought the Paiutes would dare to come within range of their weapons, but "after a time the Piutes made a charge."

The yells of the Paiutes reverberated off the rocky slopes as their blasts of gunfire cut through the air. Panic and confusion tore through the Mohaves' ranks as two braves dropped dead and a few others, wounded by gunshot, staggered for cover. Because the Paiutes had better weapons, probably stolen from miners they had killed along the way, the Mohaves made a hasty retreat for Cottonwood Island. The Hardyville set-



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Mohave Indians at work at Cottonwood Island. Sketch by H.B. Mollhausen.

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Mohave County Historical Society

A typical Mohave Indian hut.

tlers fired several rounds from their revolvers, killing three Paiutes and wounding a handful of others before abandoning their positions and making a run for Hardyville.

As soon as Irataba reached Cottonwood Island, he sent the women, children, and older men to their settlement near Camp Mohave. He and three of his men stayed behind to torch 500 bushels of mesquite beans, a large quantity of dried squash, and their huts. But before they could even begin, they heard the yells of the Paiutes. Irataba and his men scrambled to get off the island and onto the eastern bank of the Colorado River, but the Paiutes swiftly moved in and surrounded them.

The Paiutes thought of killing Irataba and sending his body back to his people, but his friendship with the white man forced them to reconsider. They knew that would bring a reprisal from the heavily-armed soldiers at Camp Mohave, as well as from the people of Hardyville who thought highly of Irataba, due in part to his visit the year before with President Abraham Lincoln. After some deliberation, they stripped him of the major general's uniform and "sent him off naked as he came into the world, to join his retreating people," the *Sacramento Union* newspaper reported.

Irataba's humiliation grew into a rage, and he gathered his people atop the mesa at Camp Mohave. He incited them to wage a large battle against the Paiutes and gathered arms from the people of Hardyville, who apparently did not like the Paiutes any more than Irataba did. The settlers often accused the Paiutes of stealing cattle and food, although they had no proof to substantiate the claims, and had no qualms about letting the Mohave Indians attack them. Still, the soldiers and the Hardyville citizens refused to enter the battle, believing it was not their fight.

Irataba led his men back to Cottonwood Island and found about 600 Paiutes camped there, living in the huts and eating the food the Mohaves had failed to destroy. Knowing it would be suicidal to attack with the few men he had, Irataba headed back to Camp Mohave. Along the way his party came upon a lone Paiute woman walking toward the island. They seized her, tossed her in the air, and let her drop upon the sharp rocks littering the shoreline. They tossed her a couple more times until the rocks cut deep into her flesh. They then left her to die a slow death in retribution for the loss of their dignity and Cottonwood Island.

For nearly two years the Paiutes attacked the miners and settlers in and around El Dorado Canyon, possibly in revenge against the whites who sided with the Mohaves. In 1867 the army arrived from California and established a post in El Dorado Canyon, but by then the Paiutes had peacefully settled on Cottonwood Island. A few of the Paiutes were allowed to remain on the island for a number of years before being forced onto a reservation.

Today Cottonwood Island is a small, bare patch of land used mostly by boaters in what is now part of the Lake Mead National Recreation Area.

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Lulu May's Excell Homesteading Adv

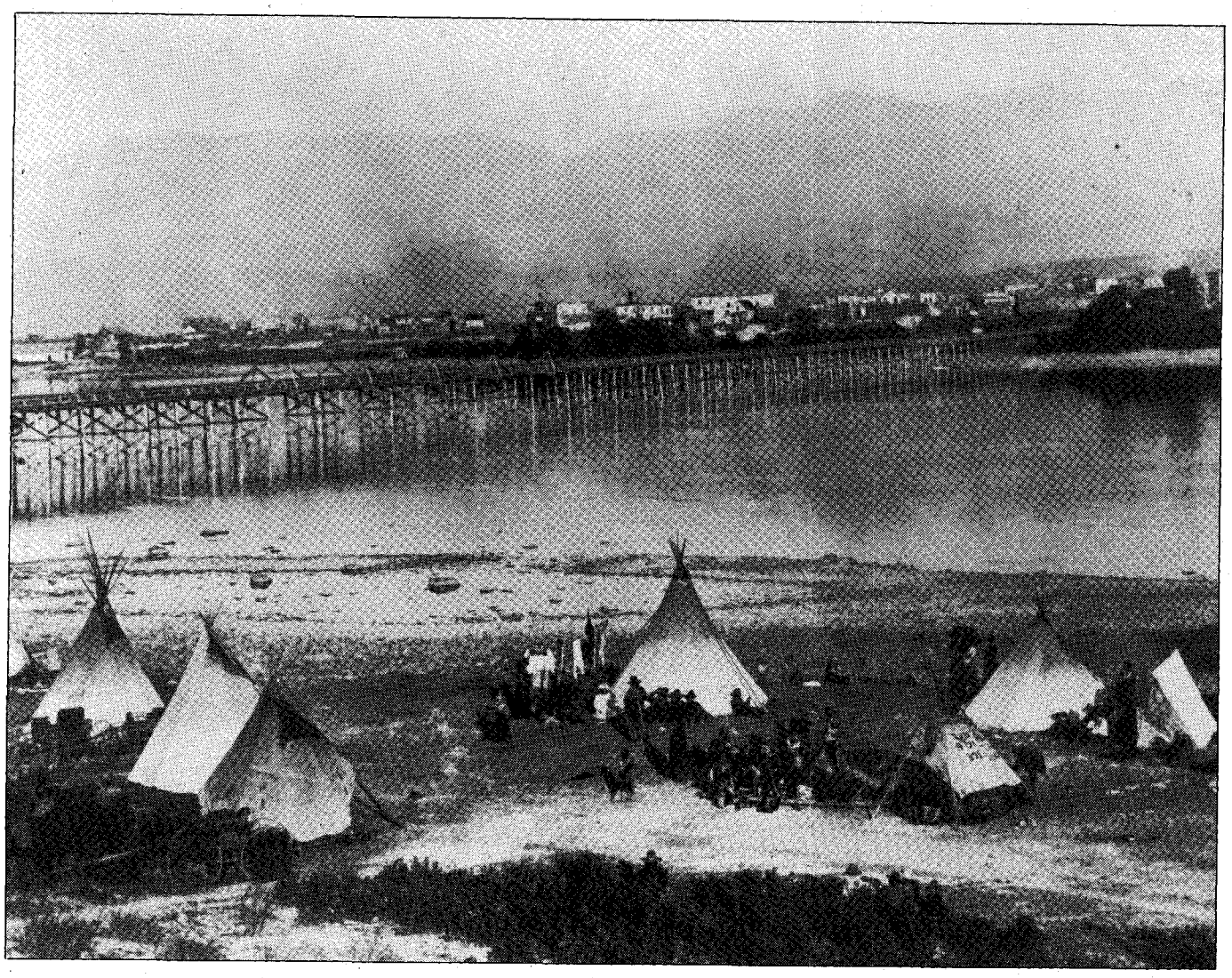
By PAUL FUGLEBERG

When western Montana's Flathead Indian Reservation opened to homesteading in 1910, few authentic farmers and ranchers came to settle the place. Settlers instead included merchants, teachers, doctors, mariners, lawyers, bankers, laborers, veterans, loggers, mill workers, and clerks.

Among them was Lulu May Mansur, a young, single woman whose father was a Chillicothe, Missouri, banker. Not long out of finishing school, she was a talented pianist and organist, a dedicated Methodist, and a pretty fair writer. She went west to be near her brothers, Guy and Charlie, and with their help obtain a homestead site, establish a residence, put up fence, farm the claim for fourteen months, and "prove up." Then she would return to Chillicothe.

In a daily diary Lulu May captured the "flavor" of her experiences on her 160-acre claim, five miles northwest of Polson.

"May 18, 1910—Met Charlie [in Kalispell] and we went to the office of my locators, Duffy and King. Charlie had made two choices for me—one, 160 acres on a hill . . . overlooking Flathead Lake, and the other, 80 acres of land which the government is to irrigate. It



Author's Collection

The first wagon bridge across the outlet of Flathead Lake. The bridge's opening was delayed by a squabble among merchants over which streets would connect with the bridge on the Polson side. Finally a "Y" approach was built.

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was very hard to decide. . . but the irrigated land will cost a good deal and I decided to take the land overlooking the lake.

"Young Mr. Duffy went with me to the U.S. Land Office and when my name was called at four o'clock, together with six other names I went in the office with Mr. Duffy and he marked off my 160 acres on the government map.

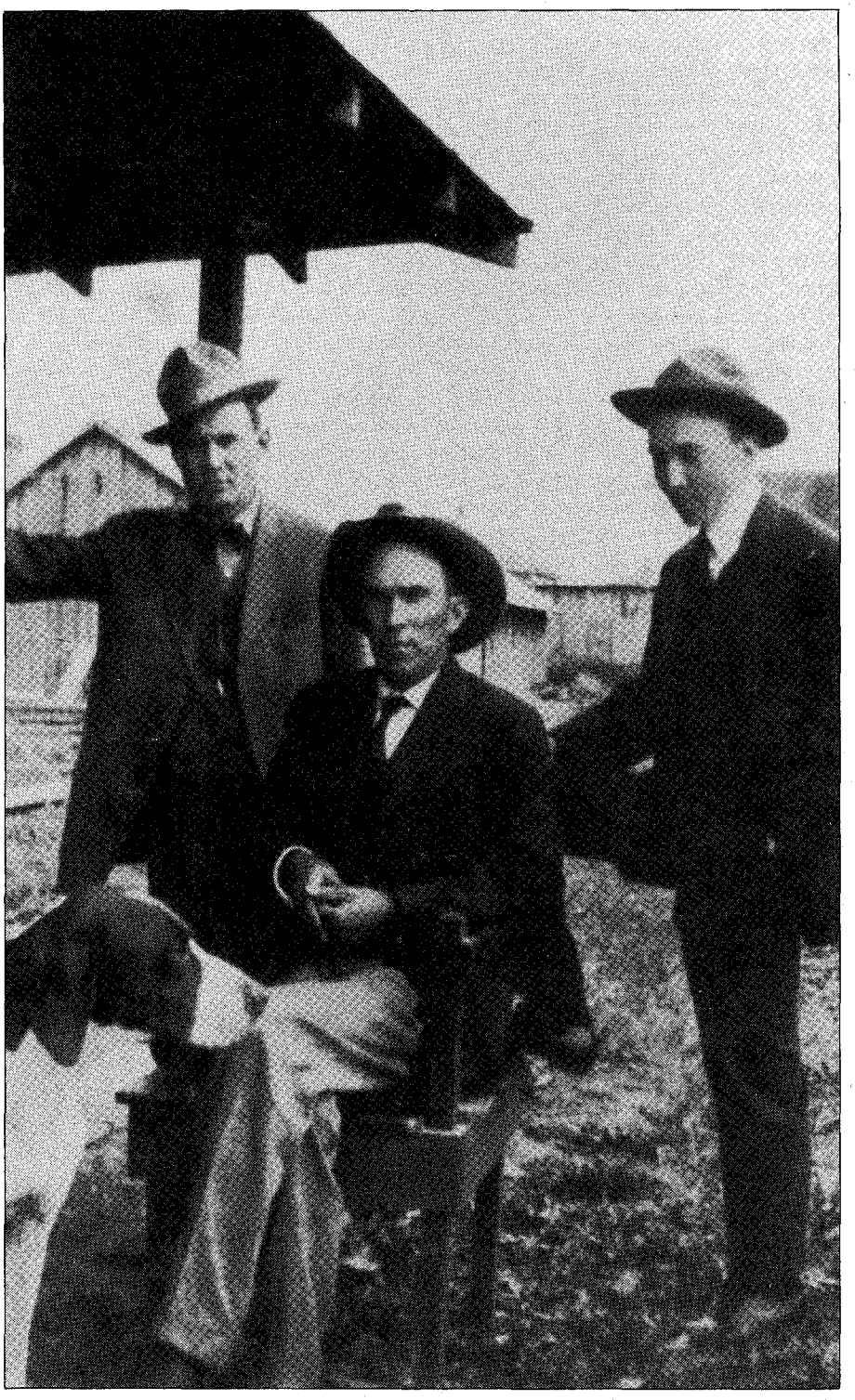
"After my selection was made, I filed on the land 'swearing solemnly' that I would make it my home and cultivate. Then I. . . paid another government man one-third of the price of the 160 acres which was appraised at $1.25 an acre. . . I also had to pay about sixteen dollars for filing. Then I returned to Duffy and King's office and paid them $25, their charges for locating me. It was quickly done and I felt very well pleased over my selection and hope it will prove desirable in every way."

But Lulu May's first visit to the claim was disappointing. "May 22—The boys got a two-seated rig and we fixed a big lunch and took Mr. and Mrs. McMichaels along with us. Charlie rode my pony as he thought it would be well to have the pony to ride over my land. We left Polson. . . crossing on the ferry to the opposite side of the river.

"Mr. McMichaels found the corners. It is a long narrow strip of land, just as rough and uneven as one could well imagine. It is 40 acres wide and runs a mile north, up to the top of a steep hill which can be seen from Polson.

"I felt very much disappointed after seeing the place for I had hoped it would overlook beautiful Flathead Lake—and I couldn't enjoy the rest of the day for finding it so different from what I had expected."

Things began looking up, however, on May 26. "Charlie, Guy, Judge and Ed Nash and I drove to see my claim, and I was very much better satisfied with it after seeing it a second time, and after having Judge Nash express such a good opinion of it. He said he would give me $3,200 for it after I have lived on it fourteen months. He is considered a fine judge of land and says it will be good fruit land."



Mae McIntire Photo

Guy, Charlie, and Henry Mansur (left to right) in early-day Polson, Montana.

Steamboats and launches were the quickest means of transportation around the lake. Seven boats carried passengers and freight. Schedules were coordinated with Great Northern trains at Somers.

Joe Allard and Charles Allard, Jr., operated a stagecoach between Ravalli and Polson in 1910. Later in 1910 the G.W. Williams Transportation Company took the Allard passenger run. Robert Vinson operated two other stage lines—one between Polson and Dixon, the other from Polson to Somers. Automobile stages started in 1911 when lines run by Frank Latimer and Si Sawyer connected Ravalli and Polson. During winter, horsedrawn stages replaced cars.

Carpenters put up Lulu May's house

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quickly. The *Flathead Courier*, Polson's weekly newspaper, described the house as "a pretty bungalow." By August 4, Lulu May was ready to stay in it overnight. "We drove in a single buggy behind 'George' and were well loaded down with all kinds of baggage," she wrote. "We crossed the river on a barge, towed by a small launch, and reached the ranch. . . after a very warm, dusty drive. . . . I found my little house just as pretty and nice as can be. It has four little rooms—a living room, kitchen, and two bedrooms."

Homestead neighbors often borrowed from one another, and Lulu May started the practice early. "Aug. 5—Guy and I drove to the Darfts' [Darsts]. . . to get a team to haul some water from a spring nearby. . . . We brought the team behind us back to the ranch and then we started to town.

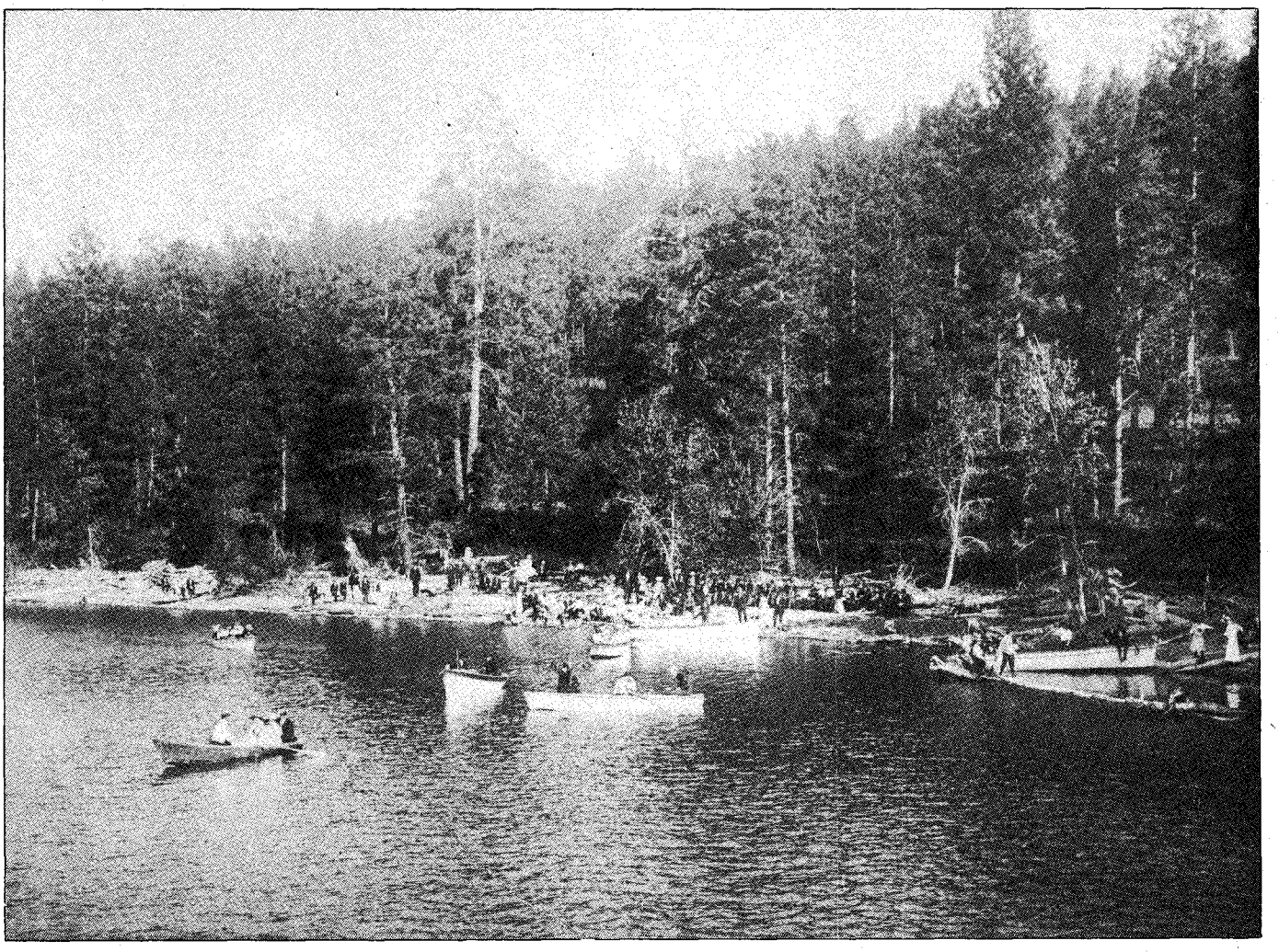
"When we reached the river we waited at the ferry landing for a half-hour or more, but we saw that the barge wasn't working. So we hitched the horse under the bank and walked up to the top of the hill. It was quite cool and windy out and a woman living on the river bank invited me to come inside until I could cross the river. . . . Guy decided to walk across the planks of the new bridge and promised to send a rowboat after me."

Lulu May's mother arrived to live with her for the first few months, and church activities were high on their priority list. "Aug 7—I attended Sunday School and taught Mrs. Mizell's. . . junior class of boys and girls. Mother joined me at church and we heard a fine sermon from Bro. White. After the sermon he said he wanted to raise the church's assessment of $70 and in a very short while over $75 was raised. The people here are certainly generous, and it seems no trouble to raise money for any cause."

Forest fires ravaged much of the Northwest that summer, and a fire had even burned some of Lulu May's grass. She wrote that, after church August 7, "we walked toward the lakefront with Guy to see the islands which were on fire. The forest fires are so disastrous."

Lulu May was apprehensive about staying on her ranch alone and was overjoyed by the arrival of an older brother, Henry, from Missouri. "Aug. 11—Henry seems pleased with the country and I hope he will like it well enough to stay with me and get into something for himself."

Tuesday, August 16, was a landmark day. "The bridge is completed," Lulu May wrote. "And while it is not approved yet, everyone is using it." Although she didn't mention it, Lulu May was probably aware of a controversy surrounding the 1,842-foot-long, sixteen-foot-wide structure that spanned Flathead Lake's outlet. As the bridge neared completion, arguments arose over whether the approach on the Polson side would connect with B or C Street. Ultimately a "Y" approach con-



Author's Collection

Sunday and other holiday outings during summer found Flathead Valley residents taking advantage of boating and picnicking areas.

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Mae McIntire Photo

Lulu May Mansur and Clyde Ford pose for the Kodak on Lulu May's homestead claim near Polson, Montana.

nected both streets to the bridge, but not until after a squabble involving city councilmen, businessmen, the bridge contractor, county commissioners, homesteaders, the sheriff, the police chief, and the courts.

Sunday, August 21, was one of the area's worst days for forest fire smoke. "This was one of the most unusual days I ever experienced," Lulu May wrote. "I awoke at six-thirty in the morning, and the sky was as yellow as gold, and ashes were covering everything. Forest fires and grass fires were the cause of the strange phenomena which continued throughout the day."

After church, she noted, "it was so dark and everything looked yellow again, and very queer. . . . In the evening the sky was very red and smoky . . . . Just as we returned from [evening] church the electric light plant whistles began blowing and we thought there was a fire until we were told that the boat City of Polson was lost on the lake. We walked down to the dock where quite a crowd had gathered and guns were fired and the whistles were blown, causing quite a lot of excitement.

"Mother and I started home and found Charlie and several men loading wood into an old wagon to steam up the ferry. But the ferry boat wasn't needed to hunt up the boat, as it succeeded in getting into the Polson dock with its fifty people in safety."

"This was one of the most unusual days I ever experienced," Lulu May wrote. "I awoke at six-thirty in the morning, and the sky was as yellow as gold, and ashes were covering everything. Forest fires and grass fires were the cause of the strange phenomena which continued throughout the day."

The bridge approach was put in August 23, and the next day Guy and Henry helped move Lulu May's belongings to the homestead. "I walked to the bridge and climbed onto a sack of grain in the back end of the wagon—with my feet hanging over the end and rode in my novel seat in the rear all the way to the ranch. I wished for a Kodak to be snapped to catch us as we must have looked comical."

As a homesteader Lulu May learned flexibility. On August 29 she wrote, "Charlie was not successful in getting the order sent to Spokane filled for a spring wagon, so he bought a second hand farm wagon for me. . . . Guy, Henry, Mother and I started for the ranch in the farm wagon. It seemed pretty rough to me but I am getting used to lots of things since becoming a 'rancher' in the 'far west.'"

Drought, fire, and smoke made the summer of 1910 a tough one, but on August 31, "It began raining about dark and the patter of the rain drops sounded so good to me after this awfully dry season. The crops have been very poor this season and it has been dusty and smoky and unpleasant in many ways."

The rain continued the next day and the Mansurs did what many homesteaders did—"catch water in tubs, buckets, pans, etc. I never knew I would appreciate a little soft water so much. What we have hauled from the spring is hard. . . . The rain has cleared the smoke away and we can see for miles and miles from my front window and the view is beautiful."

Lulu May's mother left for Missouri in early September, but Lulu May was developing new friendships. "Sept. 16—After dinner Mrs. Bare and I borrowed Mr. Desch's horse and buggy and drove to town as I had made arrangements to meet Miss Irwin, a homesteader from south of Polson, and bring her home with me to stay until

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Mae McIntire Photo

Guy Mansur, left, poses with an unidentified gentleman and a nice mess of fish—probably caught in Missouri.

Sunday. We met her at Charlie's store. . . just after crossing the bridge we met Mrs. Johnson and Herbert and had a nice little chat with them. Then we met some other homesteaders—a Miss Piper and her mother who live on the hill west of Polson. It's nice to meet so many of these settlers and know them."

Lulu May also befriended an Indian neighbor. She, Henry, and Charlie stopped to visit him September 22 after looking at a claim Charlie had selected. "He took us in the house and showed us some buffalo horns and the braid of hair he used to wear. Then he played us a tune on his fiddle and tried to get his pretty little girl to dance a 'jig' for us, but she refused as she was too timid.

"I asked him to give me an Indian name suitable for my ranch and he said 'Call it the Red-haired Girl's Ranch' and asked his old squaw to translate it into Kootenai for us. But we couldn't understand her Kootenai dialect."

Hard feelings flared between Lulu May and Henry October 10 when Henry returned late from town with a friend of his, Clyde Ford of Richmond, Missouri. "I was not feeling good and the cooking for four men was quite an effort for me. I felt it wasn't right for Henry to bring the boy out." The next day Lulu May had Guy tell Henry to take Clyde back to town. He did, but also packed up his own belongings and left on the pony, which he had purchased from Charlie. On October 14 the bad feelings appeared patched up as Henry and Clyde returned to Lulu May's place on their way to hunt. "I asked them to stay for supper but they wouldn't do so. I told him [Henry] I was sorry if I offended him about not keeping his friend. He seemed quite friendly and said it was all right."

Lulu May soon learned she wouldn't have to spend the winter alone after all. On October 21 she "noticed a man on horseback and a wagon coming in here and it proved to be Henry on the black pony coming out with Mr. [Bill] Redd and [his sister] Miss [Georgia] Redd to show them the way out here. They arrived at noon on the boat. . . . I was so happy to see them and to know that I at last have someone who is to stay with me for the winter—at least that is the arrangement."

BECAUSE some eighty percent of those registered for homestead lotteries failed to follow through on their applications, considerable "surplus" lands were available and opened for a land rush. "Oct. 31—Tonight at midnight the vacant lands on the reservation will be open for settlement and hundreds of people will enter the land and 'squat' on it in order to gain possession of it. There will doubtless be a great deal of trouble over it.

"Nov. 1—Shortly after breakfast Guy came walking in having spent the night in a tent near here at the request of a friend to help hold down a claim for a squatter. Mr. Redd walked over the hill to see who the new settlers were and returned soon bringing with him a Mr. [Eugene] Desarmo, who spent the night near here as a witness.

"Nov. 2—Mr. Redd said Henry. . . sent word to Charlie to send him money and provisions and to hire a lawyer for him, so I suppose he must have a contest on his hands. However, I hope he and his friend, Clyde Ford, can hold their pieces."

Thanksgiving Day was special at Lulu May's homestead. "Nov. 24—Our guests were Guy, Charlie, Clyde Ford, Miss [Amy] Wentworth and her mother, Mrs. Hopkins. . . . We had the turkey with all the good things which go with it. . . . There were eight of us including Mr. Redd, Georgia, and myself. We had an elegant dinner of turkey, dressing, gravy, cranberries, mashed potatoes, corn, slaw, scalloped oysters, pickles, pumpkin pie, coffee and milk.

"After grace was said each person in turn read a little verse of poetry. . . on 'Why I never married' which caused much fun and laughter. Charlie, Clyde and Miss Wentworth caused us to be in a continual round of laughter with their

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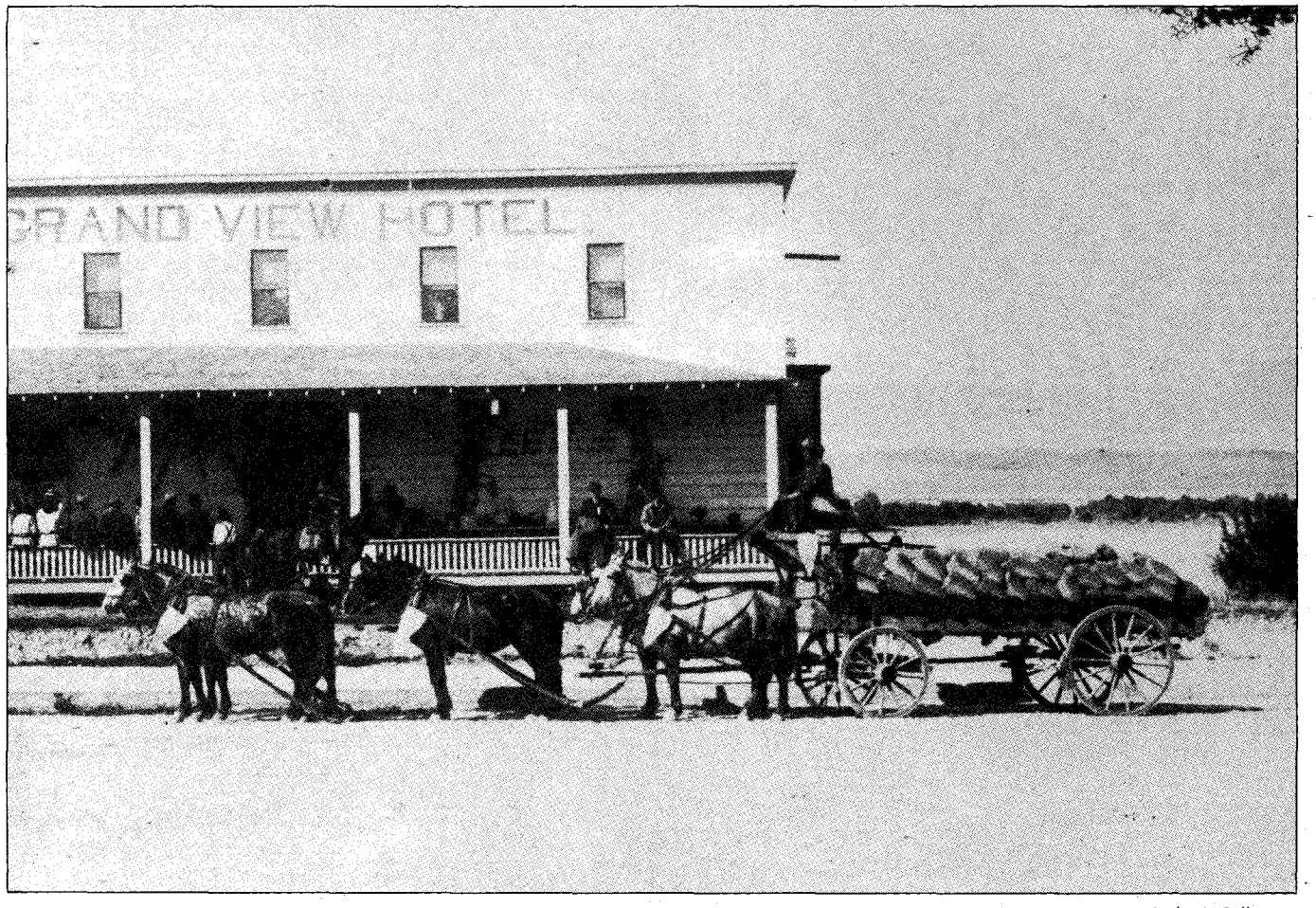

Author's Collection

Grand View Hotel patrons had a good view of wagon traffic to and from the nearby city docks.

witty remarks and jokes. . . . Clyde took several Kodak pictures of us. . . . All seemed to enjoy the day and. . . it gave me a great deal of pleasure to give happiness to others.

"At supper time Mr. Redd took some turkey and other eatables to a man who has been plowing all day near the house and doubtless had nothing to make the day pleasant for him."

Some buffaloes continued to roam the area, and on December 22 Lulu May wrote, "Our attention was called to a herd of buffalo just across the bridge. They had been driven down so two of them could be shot for meat for Christmas. . . . We drove to where the two big wild looking animals had been shot and it was a most unusual sight as the Flathead Reservation is the only place in the United States where there are any buffalo remaining in their natural state, and there will not be any left here very long."

Christmas that year was a white one filled with happiness. "Dec. 24—We decorated the house. . . with pepper berries and mistletoe which Mrs. Bostwick and Mrs. Pinkley sent me. Mr. Redd returned. . . with a lot of Christmas cards and packages. We opened our gifts on Christmas Eve and were made very happy by the sweet remembrances of far away friends.

"We drove to where the two big wild looking animals had been shot and it was a most unusual sight as the Flathead Reservation is the only place in the United States where there are any buffalo remaining in their natural state, and there will not be any left here very long."

"Dec. 25: A pretty Christmas day. We had intended going in to Sunday School and church but gave it up and remained at home and prepared dinner while Mr. Redd drove in for the boys. Johnny Carey came over and brought us some of his Christmas candy. . . . Charlie, Guy, and Roland Southerland, one of Charlie's clerks, came out and had dinner with us."

On December 31, Lulu May thought back. "What a year of changes. . . . I hope and trust that my coming to Montana to live near my brothers for a year on a homestead will prove for the best. The way has been made so easy so far and my blessings have been so many that my heart is full of thanks to God for all of them."

Cold weather came with the new year. On January 1 Lulu May wrote, "Last night was the coldest night of the winter. Everything freezing, even in the kitchen. We got up late and decided owing to the lateness. . . and the cold not to go in to Sunday School as there would be no preaching service at our church. . . . We studied our Sunday School lesson and discussed it together.

"After reading aloud and a late dinner. . . we started to walk to Mr. Desch's but after getting over half-way there, we got pretty tired—having to climb and plow through the snow in the cold, so

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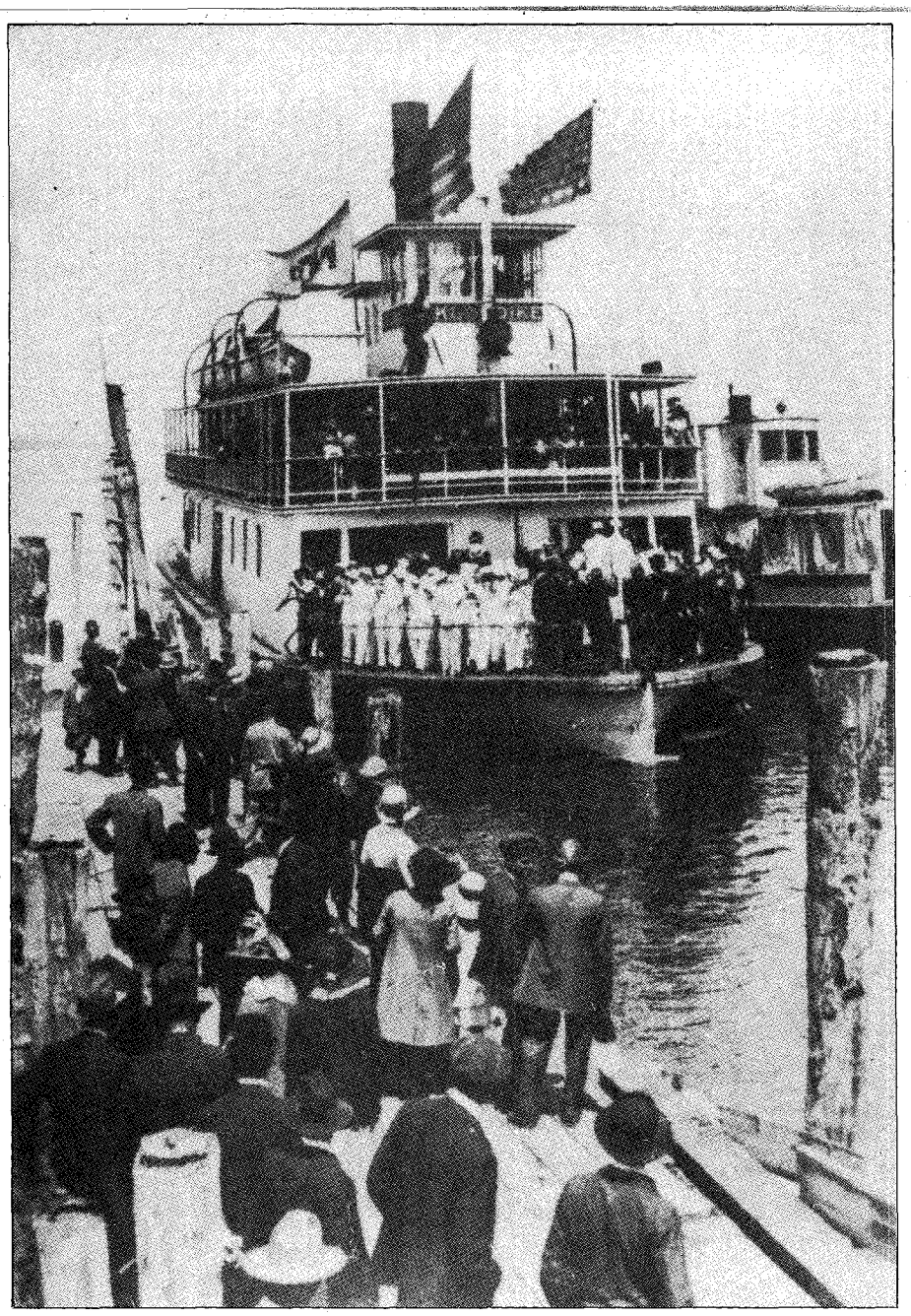

Mae McIntire Photo

The initiation of the steamer *Klondike* on Flathead Lake in Polson, Montana, in 1910. Lulu May and brothers Charlie and Guy were there to observe the event.

we turned around and came home. . . . We popped corn and I read aloud from the *Christian Herald*. I intend to make the new year a better [one]—I desire to be more useful and unselfish and to make better use of the time and talents."

After attending a "Farmer's Institute" in Polson February 15 to get advice on grain and fruit growing, Lulu May and the Redds went to hear about plans for a possible chautauqua. Chautauquas mixed education with entertainment in lectures, concerts, or plays. "Feb. 22—We. . . attended a lecture at the Methodist Church. . . in the interest of the new 'Angel Point' chautauqua. The subject of the lecture was 'The Upward Ho,' the lecturer, Mr. R.C. Hillman of Kalispell." The first chautauqua, however, was not held until 1914.

The next few days were snowy. "Feb. 27—After dinner Mr. Redd. . . hitched his team to his sled and took us for a fine sled ride through the timber. We went to see Indian Sam at his teepee, but Sam and his whole family were wrapped in their blankets around a fire in the teepee asleep, after being up all night attending a dance probably. We gathered such beautiful leaves near the teepee—the Oregon grape leaves, which spring up right out of the snow, green and fresh looking."

On March 1, Lulu May went on another special outing. "We. . . enjoyed the beautiful drive through the timber and along the lake shore to the new townsite of Big Arm. It is a pretty site on the arm of the lake with a lovely view of the mountains and the little group of 70 or 80 shacks have sprung up in less than a month.

"We drove up one of the main streets and began to inquire for Mrs. Owings when Margaret stepped in front of their shack. They gave us a lovely lunch. . . . They are putting up with all the hardships of pioneering but Margaret seemed very happy."

Lulu May's aunt Kate arrived in Polson March 18. "She stood the long trip and stage ride very nicely," wrote Lulu May, "although the stage got stuck in a mud hole and the passengers had to walk a mile to Ronan.

"MARCH 19—After church. . . as we returned we saw the [Vinson] stage coming from the Narrows and as we were looking for the Rhode Island Red chickens which Father expressed to me on Tuesday, we took a shortcut to meet the stage and got stuck in a bad mud hole. . . but Mr. Redd got the horses and wagon out of the mud without damages to either. Then we stopped the stage and got the box of chickens."

Ice suspended steamboat service for weeks. "March 20—Charlie brought fish for supper and stayed overnight. Because Polson Bay was plugged by ice, steamboats couldn't go south beyond Big Arm. To get to Kalispell, Charlie rode horseback to Big Arm, then boarded the boat to Somers.

"March 21—All of Polson was excited over the fact that the steamer Montana was trying to make its way through the ice to Polson, but it failed and had to turn back.

"March 24—The steamer Klondike made its first trip into Polson yesterday and the wind of last night took all of the ice out of the bay. It looked so good to see the boat steaming across to Polson this morning after several months of rest because of the ice-blocked bay."

The Redds soon left for their new homesteads, leaving just Lulu May and her aunt Kate at home. The next day they visited Mrs. Kermode. "March 30—She is such a dear good woman and it does me good to know and have such a friend and neighbor. She gave us a cup of tea and also some lovely California raisins, English walnuts and peaches and then she gave us a nice big bag of prunes from her California ranch."

Charlie brought out an incubator in which to hatch turkey eggs, and on

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April 15 brought a boy, "Portland [Foss] Hickman, . . . who is going to stay with us and do the chores. He is fourteen years old, bright, willing and nice looking, and we are quite pleased with his appearance. He will ride in to school everyday during the remaining weeks of school."

April 22 was a busy day around the Mansur place. "Mr. Adrain plowed up the garden and disced the field for barley. He had a long day's work as it kept him until nine o'clock. Mr. Desch came in the afteroon and set out the berry bushes."

After neighbor Darst sowed barley for her, Lulu May decided on new garden plans. "April 26—Mr. Ribelin disced the garden down in the corner of the barley field as we decided we couldn't have a good garden in the ground near the house. . . . Aunt Kate and I helped put in the seeds and we almost finished it by evening."

Lulu May marked the first anniversary of her adventure, writing on May 10 that, "Just one year ago today I left for Montana. The longest time that I've ever been away from home, but the time has passed quickly and I have enjoyed it. . . . Time certainly flies."

AN INITIAL turkey hatching venture was a bust. "May 16—About a half-dozen turkeys are all that have come out of our incubator of 82 eggs. It is a great disappointment." However, some photographs the friends took turned out well. "May 18 . . . Charlie sent out some Kodak pictures which Clyde took Sunday and they are real good. I want to send them home at once. A year ago today I filed on my homestead."

Lulu May took another step toward proving up her claim on May 22. "My errand into town today was to send a money order of $66.67 to the land office at Kalispell, it being my second payment on my homestead. The second payment was due one year after filing which was the 18th of this month."

May 28 proved exciting. Lulu May ruined a new hat in a rainstorm, but got a pleasant surprise, too. "Charlie and Clyde Ford came for supper. . . . After supper Foss caused some excitement by turning a mouse loose in the house, but he finally caught it. Clyde gave me a beautiful pair of buckskin gloves which he had made by an Indian woman in Polson. They are worked in gay Indian colors and are very pretty for riding and driving. I'm quite proud of them."

Even the turkey business began looking up. "May 29 . . . We have 22 new turkeys today, making two dozen in all and they are so pretty and nice."

A new road would soon pass by Lulu May's claim, and on June 5, "Clyde Ford came . . . to tell me the neighbors were expected to donate work tomorrow on the new gulch road and he very generously offered to work tomorrow for me. I appreciated the offer very much and accepted it, as he has felt very much at home with us and has dropped in a great many times with Charlie. He doubtless feels that he wants to return it in some way."

Grain harvesting began early. On August 1 Lulu May noted that "Richard Kermode came with his binder to cut the barley but didn't get much cut as he had trouble with his machine. . . . Kermode finished cutting the barley about the middle of the afternoon and Foss and I shocked about half of it when it began to rain and we had to stop."

Proving-up time neared, and on August 25 Lulu May "prepared the papers to send to the land office tomorrow with notice of my intention to make proof of my land." But she also had to make a trip to the land office in Kalispell. "Aug. 30—We went to the land office where I talked to Mr. Sweeney about 'proving up' and leaving my place which he said was all right." Her intentions to obtain a "commutation certificate" (indicating she had no further obligation to the land and could do as she pleased with it) were advertised in the Polson newspaper for seven weeks.

THRESHING CREWS came to the area September 12. "The 'threshers' came on the hill today and caused much excitement to the inexperienced homesteaders. Foss helped them all day and earned $1.50 which pleased him greatly.

"Sept. 13—Mrs. Kermode came over on her way to Mrs. Carey's to tell us about the threshers. We were all invited to the Carey's for supper and Kermodes were there also. They had prepared for the threshers and they didn't stay for a meal, so we ate up what was fixed for them."

Lulu May noted the completion of her fourteenth month succinctly. "Wednesday, Oct. 4—My *fourteen* months is up today. I ironed all day and was very busy."

With that milestone past, Lulu May busily prepared for a quick departure. "Oct. 6—Busy packing my trunk today. After supper forty of our neighbors came in and surprised us." Then on Saturday, October 7, she "got up early and drove into town alone to 'prove up' before Judge Bailey. Mr. Desch and Judge Nash were witnesses and Mr. Desch couldn't be used, or rather Judge Bailey thought it best not to use him, as a mistake had been made in spelling his name. So we went for Mr. Carey and used him. There are lots of questions—quite rigid ones to be answered, but where we had kept the requirements of the law, it is not difficult." The legal advertisement also listed Henry S. Kermode as a witness.

"Feb. 27—After dinner Mr. Redd . . . hitched his team to his sled and took us for a fine sled ride through the timber. We went to see Indian Sam at his teepee, but Sam and his whole family were wrapped in their blankets around a fire . . . asleep, after being up all night attending a dance probably."

Lulu May's final diary entry was Sunday, October 8. "Spent a quiet day at home and had a late dinner. Mrs. Pipes came in their auto and made a short visit. . . . After supper, Aunt Kate and I walked down to Judge Nash's . . . returning by moonlight." Lulu May Mansur's homestead adventure was over.

Interestingly, ownership of Lulu May's claim has come full circle. Although she left in 1911 almost immediately after proving up, Lulu May retained ownership until selling the land in 1936 to former homesteading neighbor, F.J. Desch. Ony two others have owned the property since—the first was Homer Williams, who sold it in April 1991 as part of a land package to the Confederated Salish and Kootenai Tribes.

None of the three Mansurs ever married. Lulu May returned to Chillicothe, where she lived the rest of her life. Charlie followed later. Guy continued to live in Polson and died there in July 1951. His body was shipped to Chillicothe for burial, rejoining Charlie and Lulu May in death.

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The Cajalco Digs

By T.A. FREEMAN

Exploring an Early California Mining Camp

The down side of conducting an archaeological survey on land scheduled for development is that ninety percent of the time you find nothing of interest. I have often spent days (even weeks) transecting on foot parcels of thousands of acres, looking for that one unreported and elusive prehistoric Indian site or some significant historic feature worth recording for posterity. More often than not, field reconnaissance serves only to flush a few rabbits. Occasionally, however, the odds pay off and make the drudgery of the search pale in contrast to the thrill of discovery.

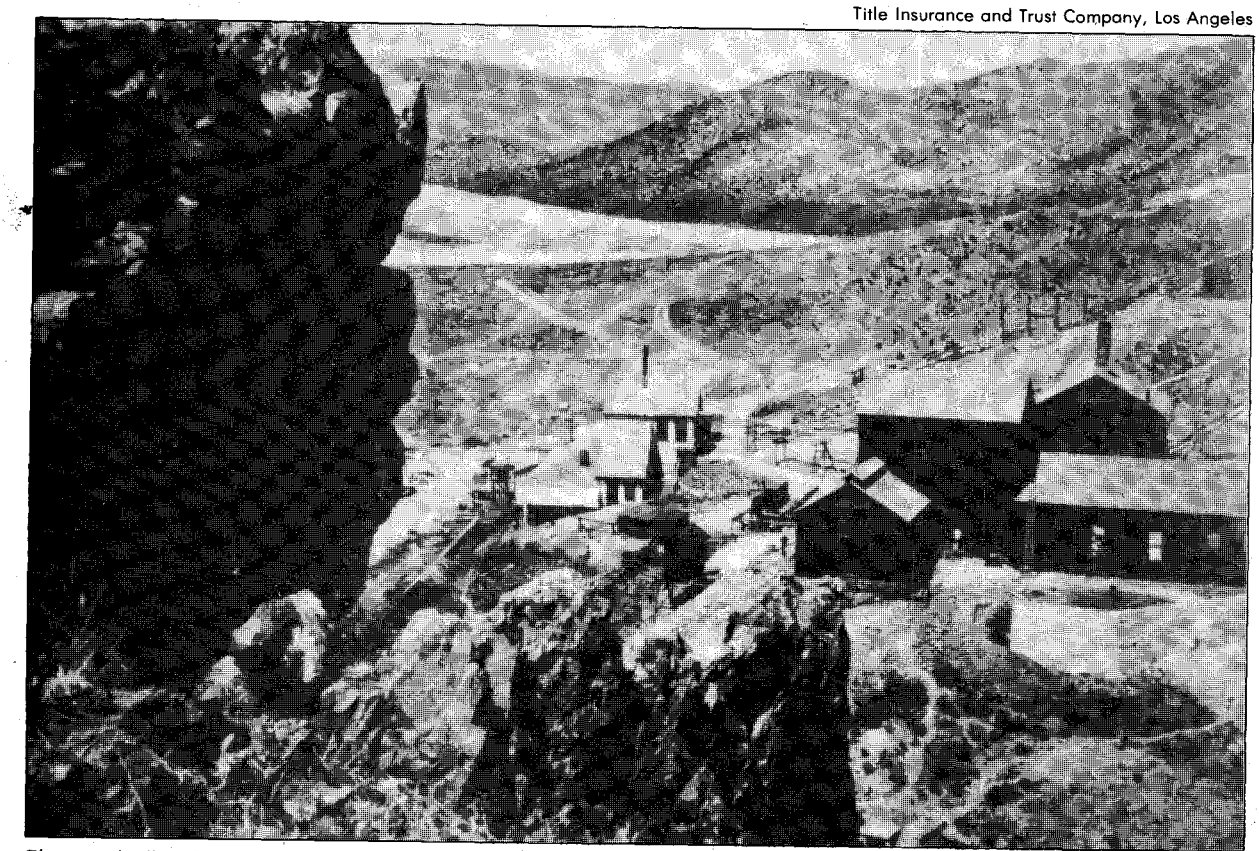
If you are familiar with USGS topographic quadrangle maps, you know that sometimes the landmarks shown don't exist. Time and man often obliterate distinct geologic features, and buildings that may have once stood have been razed to make way for parking lots or housing. In my survey near the Lake Mathews area of western Riverside County, California, the maps indicated an old site known as the Cajalco Tin Mine. Basing my conclusions on previous experience, I had little hope of finding anything more than tailings.

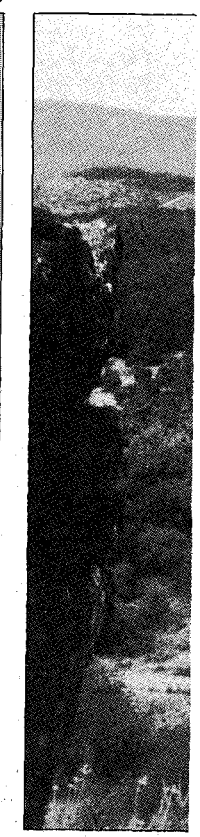
Although the structures which once stood had been removed long ago, I was amazed to find several rock and concrete foundations of various sizes randomly scattered over an area of perhaps ten acres. Palm trees, junipers, and willows had been planted around the mining camp, and there was even an old olive orchard. Additionally, several of the mine's vertical shafts were still open, extending to dangerous depths of over one hundred feet. At first glance, the extent of the camp and its facilities suggested that the Cajalco Tin Mine was once a large and profitable operation.

Some armchair research revealed that the Cajalco Tin Mine had also been referred to as the Temescal Tin Deposit. Temescal Canyon, approximately two miles west of the site, was once part of

Salano ordered his medicine man to show Sexton the location of the "sacred mountain site." Soon after seeing it, Sexton concluded that the "medicine" in question was actually valuable "metaliferous rock." Sexton began to mine the deposit, which through him came to be known as Cajalco Hill.

Title Insurance and Trust Company, Los Angeles





The smelter and reduction works of the Cajalco Tin Mine in 1891.

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a 50,000-acre Spanish land grant known as Rancho El Sobrante de San Jacinto. Originally, this immense tract of rugged, mountainous terrain fell under the jurisdiction of the mission San Luis Rey de Francia between 1798 and 1832. Because it forms a natural passageway through the mountains, the Temescal Valley had served as an old Indian camping ground, later becoming an alternate route of the Southern Emigrant Trail in the 1850s and 1860s.

The story goes that Salano, a chief of the Gabrielino band of mission Indians and uncle of Daniel Sexton's wife, was on his deathbed in San Gabriel and feared that a place with Indian "medicine" would be lost on his death. He ordered his medicine man to show Sexton the sacred site. Soon after seeing it, Sexton concluded that the "medicine" in question was actually valuable "metaliferous rock." Sexton began to mine the deposit, which through him came to be known as Cajalco Hill—a hispanicized Indian name of unknown meaning. No claim has yet been found for Sexton's mine, but records indicate that he did retain ownership until June 28, 1859, when he sold half of his interest to Nathan Tuck.

The news of Sexton's discovery spread far and wide and spurred an unprecedented onrush of miners. Because the claims were almost all staked in the Temescal area, all were immediately referred to as the Temescal Tin Mines. Hundreds of claims were filed, some miners staking as many as a hundred claims each. It also quickly became evident that more money was being generated through the buying and selling of claims than the mines themselves actually produced. For example, records indicate that as late as 1868 one George Aiken had sold half-interest in 170 "tin" mines for $15,000. It seems that such sales were not uncommon.

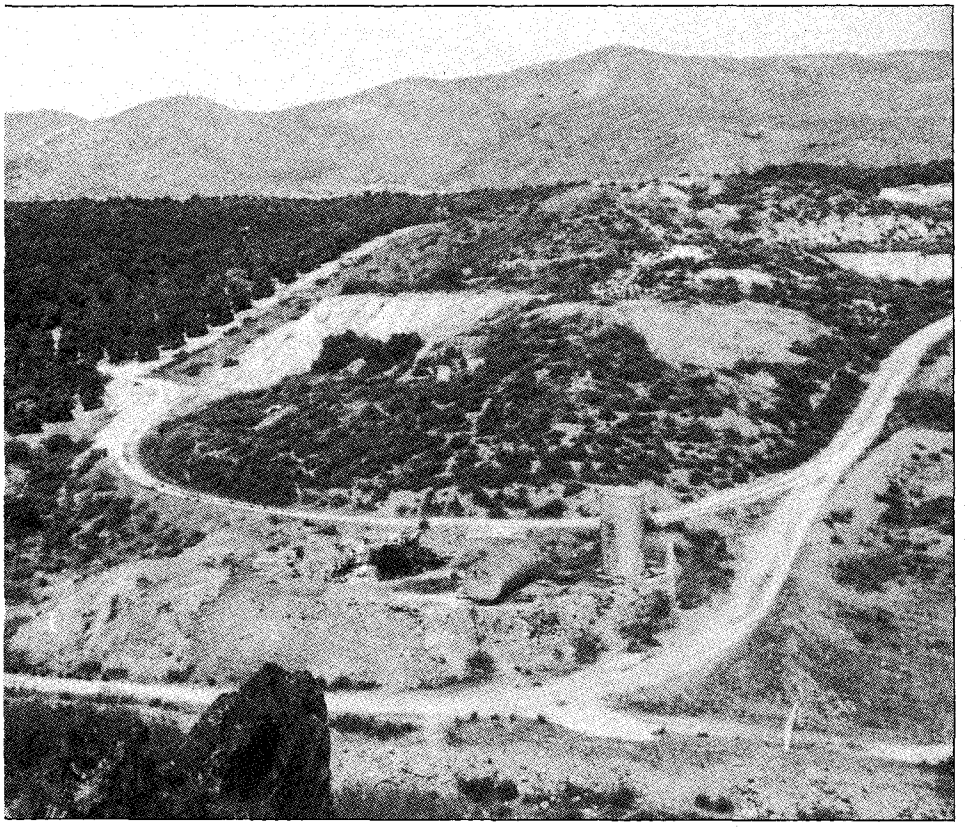
Author's Photo

"End of the line" for this old Underwood found at the dump site.

The Temescal tin frenzy was unabated even after Professor Josiah Whitney and William H. Brewer, both competent geologists, visited the mines in 1861. Whitney's impression was that the mines were located on streaks or seams of common hornblende, and that even though many samples had been taken, not one trace of tin could be found. Disregarding such unfavorable reports, companies which had been formed solely to exploit potential tin-bearing lands of the Temescal Valley continued to buy and resell their interests.

MINERS FROM Los Angeles and Orange counties tried recovering the mineral with some limited success. One of the first major attempts at mining the tin was a vertical exploratory shaft sunk ninety-five feet into the hard granodiorites. But the outbreak of the Civil War, coupled with a long and bitter litigation between claimants, ended explorations for a time. Then on January 2, 1868, mining was resumed with the establishment of the San Jacinto Tin Mining Company, which purchased Rancho Sobrante and the Cajalco. Interestingly, Whitney's initial conclusions were proven incorrect. That same year saw the first shipment of 15.34 tons of cassiterite ore to San Francisco

Author's Photo



A present-day view of the mine from the same location as the 1891 photo.

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which, when smelted, yielded 6,895 pounds of tin.

Such was the hope of the Cajalco's success that bars of tin from the mine were exhibited at the Mechanics Fair in San Francisco in 1869. Ore specimens were sent to England, where they were pronounced the purest in quality. Investigators of the time stated, "Here was a body of tin, unlimited in quantity and of the finest quality—the richest and, indeed, the only workable body of tin in America." English experts examined the region repeatedly and finally two English companies with considerable backing incorporated with the intent to purchase and exploit the deposit.

In 1890 the newly formed English syndicate officially acquired the Cajalco Mine, erected a smelter, and began to seriously work the veins. Production was increased many times with the help of two "Husbands," pneumatic stampers which weighed 900 pounds each and dropped at a rate of 135 times per minute. A January 1, 1891, promotional pamphlet asserted the virtues of nearby Perris Valley. It noted that the English company had "a force of one-hundred men improving the mines, erecting buildings, and constructing a large dam. Reduction works are being erected and two-hundred experienced Cornish miners will arrive in the spring when active mining will commence."

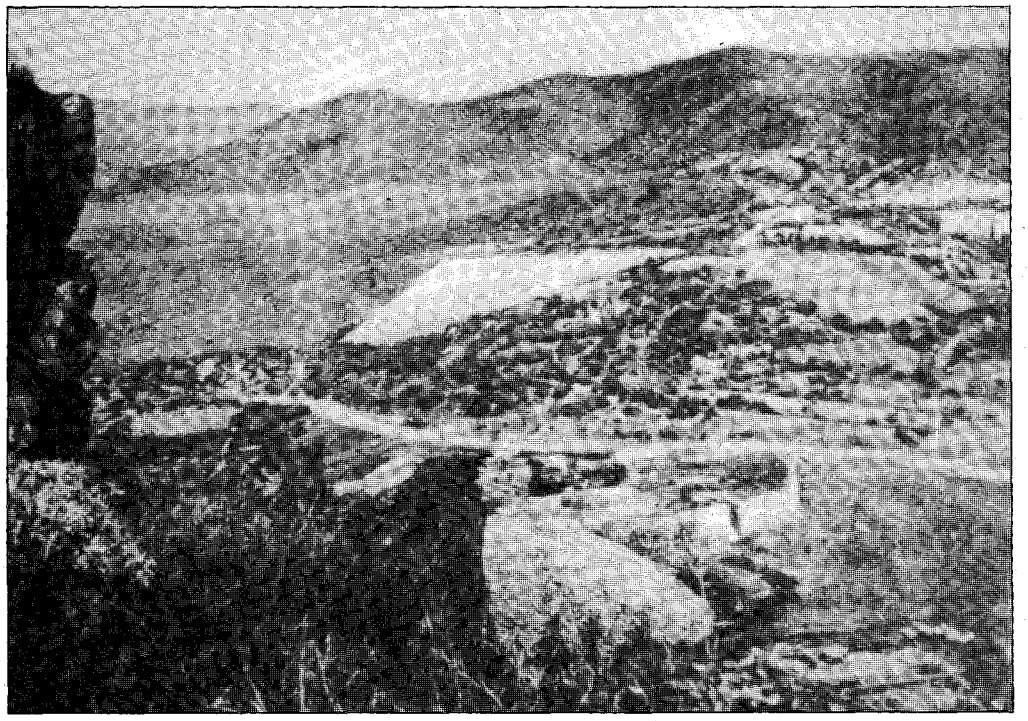
What were claimed to be great pigs of pure tin were hauled to the south Riverside railway station and stacked into the shape of a huge pyramid. There, President Benjamin Harrison and California Governor Henry H. Markham honored the town by stopping and having their picture taken at the base of the pyramid.

What were claimed to be great pigs of pure tin were hauled to the south Riverside railway station (what is now Corona) and stacked into the shape of a huge pyramid. There, President Benjamin Harrison and California Governor Henry H. Markham honored the town by stopping and having their picture taken at the base of the pyramid. Atop the geometric mountain was an inscription proclaiming that this was the first tin produced in the United States.

By 1892 the company had invested well over two million dollars in development, a tidy sum for that era. Even so, within the short time of two years, unwise investments and bad management led to the Cajalco's closure. The expensive facilities were dismantled and sold at auction, and for the next thirty-five years the Cajalco deposit lay dormant.

The advent of the twentieth century with its burgeoning industrialization brought new machines, technologies, and investors into the mining market. Evidently, the American Tin Corporation, headed by P.H. Gorman and G.H. Bryant of Riverside, decided that the Cajalco's full potential had not been played out and that it was time to reopen the digs using more modern recovery techniques. So, in 1927 the mine was reactiviated and for three years extensive improvements were made. Unfortunately, disaster struck the nation's economy with the fall of the stock market in 1929, and Gorman and Bryant were forced to close down the Cajalco once again. In 1942 the Tinco Corporation (Ameritin) of Richmond, Virginia, revived the mine in order to supply the military effort of World War II. Tinco's improvements included the installation of a one-hundred-ton mill which operated until the Cajalco's final closure in 1945.

According to historic documents, the Cajalco Mine was finally followed to a



Dr. Horace Parker Photo

The mine workings, circa 1955.

A partially subterranean foundation. Its thick walls and heavy iron

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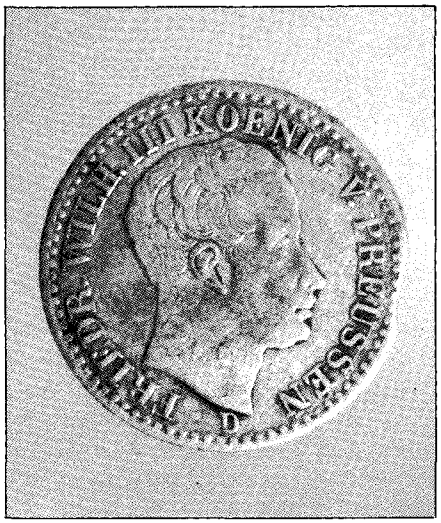
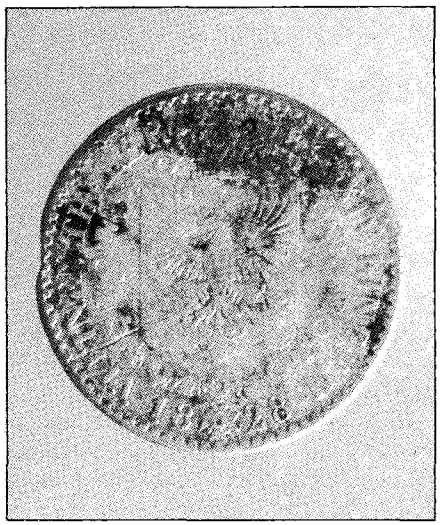




Robert S. Brown Photos

Heads and tails of the 1828 Prussian silver coin found lying on the surface at the Cajalco Tin Mine. Its size is roughly that of a U.S. quarter.

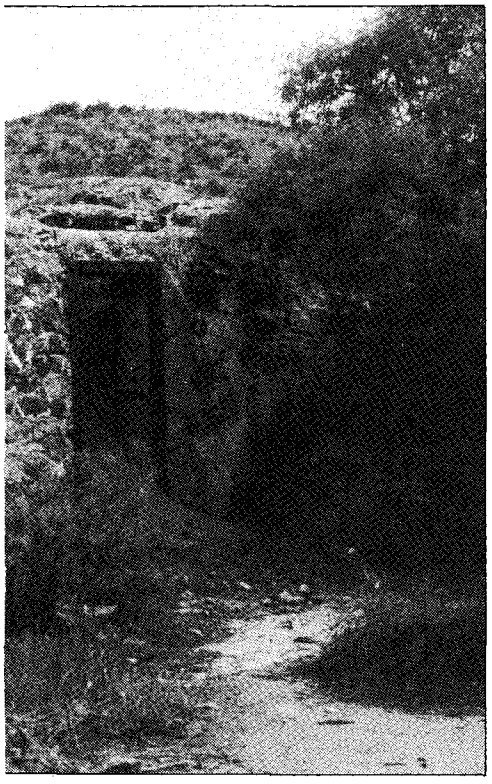
depth of 690 feet without bottoming, and was explored with over 5,800 feet of drifts and crosscuts on seven levels. All told, the entire state of California had yielded less than 150 tons of tin by 1945. Of that, the Cajalco Tin Mine produced around 113 long tons and was the only tin-producing mine in Riverside County. Continuing local hopes of establishing a viable tin mine were permanently dashed when on May 25, 1953, the *Los Angeles Times* reported, "The U.S. Department of the Interior said there isn't any tin to speak of in the Temescal area."

Besides a wealth of history and the remnants of building foundations, we found other physical evidence of the mine's early use. During our field reconnaisance we discovered square nails, horse shoes, and various other items scattered about. A dumping area just south of the mine yielded old cans and bottles dating to the turn of the century. Probably our most spectacular find was a silver coin found on the surface. Minted in Prussia and honoring Friedrich Wilhelm III, the coin's date is 1828. A "D" mintmark on the coin indicates that it was probably struck in Aurich, East Friesland, Prussia—the kingdom which in 1918 fell and was absorbed by Germany.

Although the true story behind the 162-year-old coin's presence at the mine is not known for certain, several plausible scenarious might explain how it came to be at Cajalco. One might be that it was lost by an early miner/immigrant traveling along the Temescal Trail. Or the English investors who owned the mine in later years might have hired a consulting geologist from Germany who lost it during prospecting activities. Or, perhaps, because United States currency was in short supply during California's early years, miners working the Cajalco might have been paid in whatever monies were available.

Ultimately, and regardless of its true origin, the lone Prussian coin stands as a unique testament to the colorful history of one of Southern California's earliest mines.

Author's Photo



hinges suggest it may have stored explosives.

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Books

Revisionist History

"It's Your Misfortune and None of My Own": A History of the American West, by Richard White. (University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Avenue, Norman, Oklahoma 73019-0445. $34.95 cloth bound.)

This book's bark is worse than its bite. Those of us who are traditionalists in western Americana feared that it might be a radical revisionist tract of the so-called "new history." But rest easy, there are no left-handed nuns driving trail herds to Abilene instead of the WASPS of legend.

The new school of historiography entails a certain amount of WASP-bashing, some of it deserved. It also contains a subliminal negativism that irritates even those of us who do not want our books to imitate sundials and record only the sunny hours of history.

By and large, however, Richard White turns out to be almost "old school" in his respect for objectivity over galloping assumptions, twenty-twenty hindsight, and chic, trendy, or politically correct academic attitudes. In short, White fails completely the test of the worst new scholars; that is, to dilligently select facts to fit a predetermined "unconventional" conclusion.

Incidentally, there is a puzzling aspect to the book, one that suggests the University of Oklahoma Press belatedly emphasized the book's "new West" slant. Its dust jacket and catalogue information subtitle the work "A New History of the American West." But this reviewer's copy of the actual book does not contain the word "new" and, more importantly, neither does the cataloging information on the verso of the title page.

White is a graceful writer and his text is a pleasure to read. He is also a remarkable researcher, and his analytic skills are great. Of course it is as interpreters of data that "new scholars," just like the old ones, must be closely watched. What do they stress, avoid, "forget," soft-pedal, and blow out of proportion?

Few would argue with White that we have not neglected women and minorities in telling the human story of the frontier, or that we have not despoiled the land. However, White makes some sweeping generalizations and annoying oversimplifications. That emigrants from the East grabbed land without regard for the consequences is inaccurate. Even in the badly bungled attempts to deal with Indian "problems," there existed humanitarianism as well as brutality and stupidity. Plenty of evidence exists, too, that the West, albeit belatedly, has developed a social conscience, a concern for the land and for the people who will come to occupy it. White is perhaps so conditioned by our failures that he is almost at a loss to explain the occasional victory coming out of the West, like women's suffrage or conservation.

It has some faults, but if this thought-provoking, challenging, and occasionally annoying volume is used as a cautionary tale, not a bible, it is a most welcome addition to the shelves of Western Americana.—*Richard Dillon, Mill Valley, California.*

Native American Art

Art of the American Indian Frontier: The Chandler-Pohrt Collection, by David W. Penney. (University of Washington Press, PO Box 50096, Seattle, Washington 98145-5096. $60.00 cloth bound.)

Art of the American Indian Frontier discusses Native American art within the historical context of the Great Lakes and Northern Great Plains tribes. David W. Penney examines the meaning and function that artistic objects had within the lives of Indian people. That is an important aspect of *Art of the American Indian Frontier* because readers must first appreciate that "art" is a European notion that does not do full justice to how Native Americans incorporated ideas about design, fabrication, beauty, style, and the function of those objects into their lives.

Art of the American Indian Frontier also focuses on the crucial role of art as the Indians of the Great Lakes and the Great Plains confronted changes brought into Indian country by Europeans and Euro-Americans. Throughout the nineteenth century Indians used art and material culture objects to preserve historic tribal values; however, those artists simultaneously demonstrated a pragmatic flexibility, adopting new materials and methods of fabrication to make traditional designs. Art took on

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additional roles among Native Americans; many Indians increasingly used art as badges of tribal pride and identification, and in order to make a living, artists made objects to sell in a cash market.

This book will permit TRUE WEST readers to appreciate Native American art history from the perspective of the Native Americans. Essays by Penney, Milford G. Chandler (1889-1981), Richard A. Pohrt, and George P. Horse Capture tell several stories. First, this volume is Native American art history, not an evaluation of the Indian objects from the perspective and biases of European artistic traditions. Second, as Penney writes, *Art of the American Indian Frontier* results from the collaboration of Chandler, Pohrt, Horse Capture, and many Native Americans, especially the Gros Ventre tribe of the Fort Belknap reservation in Montana who befriended the youthful Pohrt in the 1930s. Indian artists and artisans orginally made the objects that Chandler and Pohrt collected, preserved, and studied.

As readers ponder the essays they will enjoy the marvelous illustrations of the art, whose beauty is testimony to the talent of the artists, to Chandler's and Pohrt's dedication preserving it, and to Horse Capture and Penney who now bring it to readers.—*Joseph C. Porter, St. Louis, Missouri.*

Badmen

The Dalton Gang Story—Lawmen to Outlaws, by Nancy B. Samuelson. (Shooting Star Press, PO Box 359, Eastford, Connecticut 06242. $25.00 paper bound.)

There has been a tremendous amount of fictionalized "history" about the Dalton Gang since their double bank robbery attempt at Coffeyville, Kansas, October 5, 1892. Historians—both serious and careless—have concentrated on that raid as it brought an end to the gang's activities. But the raid also got a great amount of newspaper coverage for the time. Thus, the information was there for writers to expand upon, and the drama was real.

Those few minutes in Coffeyville provided a narrow view of a family who actually had a fascinating story. Samuelson spent nearly a decade tracing the Dalton line, not just to determine her own relationship but to decide if the many claimants to membership in the gang had any validity. Besides the false claims, she has exposed many of the false legends and myths which have grown up around the Dalton name. The real criminal record dwindles considerably due to her in-depth research.

The Daltons certainly got started off on the right foot. Older brother Frank died in a gunbattle with outlaws in 1887. The other Daltons could have chosen to avenge his death by fighting crime, but without his leadership they chose easier ways to make money. Their crimes began with bringing alcohol into Indian Territory and eventually ended in robbing banks.

Ironically, the Daltons' activities in California probably were peaceful. However, they were in the wrong place at the wrong time as the Southern Pacific Railroad sought culprits for several train robberies. Although charged with train robbery, the Daltons never served prison time.

Back in Indian Territory, it was easy for the Daltons to cross the line into full-blown outlawry. What crimes they did commit were relatively minor compared

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to those of other outlaws; only their ignoble defeat at Coffeyville gave them their notoriety.

Samuelson has done an impressive amount of research to produce this fine volume. She had the cooperation of Dalton descendants, and found valuable archival documentation which previous writers had overlooked.

No new Dalton biography would be justified unless it included extensive research into the lives of their family members and separated truth from legend. Samuelson's work fulfills both criteria and includes a significant amount of new material and a number of new photographs. One such gem is a photograph showing Ben and Frank Dalton, Judge Isaac Parker, and hangman George Maledon apparently enjoying a relaxing afternoon on main street—an unusual group in an uncharacteristic setting.

The Dalton story is a story of good men gone bad. Samuelson did her homework well and made a good story about outlaws into a good work of history.—*Chuck Parsons, Smiley, Texas.*

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The Youngers

Ride the Razor's Edge: The Younger Brothers' Story, by Carl W. Breihan. (Pelican Publishing Company, PO Box 189, Gretna, Louisiana 70053. $15.00 cloth bound.)

When you think of the Younger Brothers, you automatically think of their cohorts, Jesse and Frank James, of train robberies, and of their disastrous raid on Northfield, Minnesota, in 1876. The James-Younger gang may well be the most infamous band of outlaws in American history, and researchers are always seeking new information about them.

Ride the Razor's Edge: The Younger Brothers' Story is Breihan's second book about the Youngers. His *Younger Brothers, Cole, James, Bob, John* appeared in 1961 and concentrated on their criminal career. That is not the case with *Ride the Razor's Edge.* Although the gang committed crimes in at least seven states, the author gives their criminal career very brief mention. Some of the gang's robberies get as little as ten sentences. The majority of this work is devoted instead to the Youngers' Civil War days, especially to the time they spent with guerrilla leader William Clarke Quantrill on raids against Kansas towns during the war. Breihan devotes long chapters to the guerrillas' attacks at Lawrence and Baxter Springs, Kansas.

In contrast, Breihan covers the Youngers' robberies between 1866 and 1876 (eighteen of them) in one short chapter. The first train robbery west of the Mississippi River, at Adair, Iowa, gets three paragraphs. Eighteen robberies spanning ten years committed in seven states are covered in fourteen pages.

This is another book which quotes dialogue extensively but fails to document sources for the conversations. Footnotes, endnotes, or chapter notes are absent. An index and bibliography would have been useful, but they, too, are lacking. The book is illustrated throughout, although the quality of many of the photos is poor. Civil War buffs may find this book interesting, but outlaw fans will be disappointed. The full story of the Younger brothers is still waiting to be told.—*Robert R. Ernst, Stillwater, Oklahoma.*

Crow History

From the Heart of the Crow Country: The Crow Indians' Own Stories, by Joseph Medicine Crow. (Orion Books,

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201 East 50th Street, New York, New York 10022. $17.00 cloth bound.)

This book is stuffed from cover to cover with Plains Indian lore. World War II interrupted author Joseph Medicine Crow's work toward a doctorate in anthropology, but because of his education, the army offered him a commission. Crow was so steeped in his tribal culture that he refused the commission on the grounds that a warrior must prove himself in battle before becoming a leader of men. He distinguished himself in Europe by counting coup on the enemy and capturing a German horse.

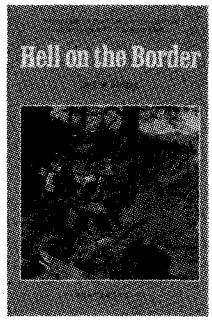
Born in 1913, Joseph Medicine Crow was raised by grandparents who knew life before reservation days. He grew up in the home of White Man Runs Him, one of Custer's six scouts at the Battle of the Little Bighorn, and spent sixty years collecting stories from members of his own Crow tribe and their traditional enemies, the Sioux and Cheyenne.

The author traces the Crow migration from the woodlands of Wisconsin to an ever-diminishing reservation in Montana. During the mid-nineteenth century smallpox scourge, the Crow population dropped from nearly 8,000 to fewer than 2,000. Today the Crow tribe has increased to about 7,500.

But more important than history, the author delves into ethnohistory by way of stories told him by those who lived before reservation days, chiefs who had won eagle feathers in inter-tribal warfare. He learned of the Battle of Pryor Creek and the Gros Ventre War from those who were there. But all laurels were not won in battle. There was Plays With His Face, who tied himself to a tree with a rope so he could not run away from a grizzly bear. Later he faced down a rattlesnake, "the meanest of the Great Spirit's creatures."

This volume is tightly packed with tribal customs—social, military, religious, and economic—and with wonderful stories to illustrate those customs. The author explores the concept of the "vision quest" and explains the power and scope of the Indian's "medicine." He analyzes the techniques for luring, driving, and stampeding buffalo over cliffs, which, according to legend, is a practice dating back to the mid-1600s.

Anyone interested in pre-reservation life among the Plains Indians will want this book in his library—*Francis L. Fugate, El Paso, Texas.*



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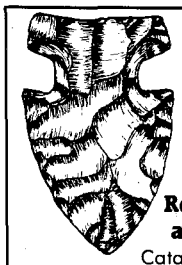
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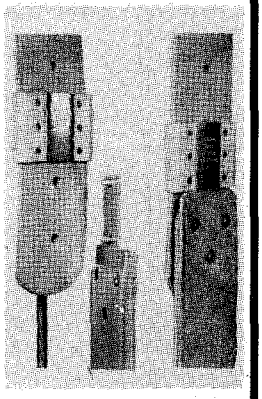
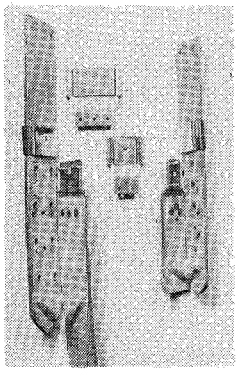
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Hand-Hancock

I am trying to find out what happened to Charles Hand and his sister, Mary (Hand) Hancock. Their parents were Thomas, born perhaps in 1800 in New Jersey, and Elizabeth McCann Hand, born perhaps in 1810, also in New Jersey. Their brothers and sisters were Moses, possibly born in 1828 in New Jersey and died in Iowa; Charles, possibly born in 1832 in New Jersey; Mary, possibly born in 1835 in New Jersey; James, born in 1836 in New Jersey and died in Iowa; D. Lyman, born in 1839 in Ohio and died in Iowa; and Annie, born in 1846 in Ohio and died in Iowa.

Charles is listed with the family in the 1860 Pickaway County, Ohio, census. Mary married Robert Hancock and had three children. Where did Charles and Mary go? The rest of the family moved to Putnam County, Missouri, and then to Wayne and Appanouse counties in Iowa, where they died. I will answer all letters.—**Kaija Jared, PO Box 71, Mission Hill, South Dakota 57046-0071.**

Barton

I am looking for information about my grandfather, George Woodward Barton. He died in 1939 at the age of eighty-nine. I know that he was a schoolteacher in Texas when he was a young man. I do not know his father's name. If anyone knows anything about him or his family I would like to hear from them.—**Geneva Barton-Snyder, Route 1, Box 5F, Elfrida, Arizona 85610.**

Weir-Sheppard

David D. Weir, born in 1826, perhaps in South Carolina, and died in 1893, married Sarah Ann Banard (O'Banard?) in the mid-1860s. She was born in 1835 and died in 1888. Their children were David Franklin, born in Arkansas in 1867 and died in 1936; Margaret C., born in Arkansas in 1869 and died in 1918; Mary K., born in Missouri in 1871, death date unknown; and Thomas B., born in Texas in 1877 and died in 1888.

The 1880 census lists the family in Texas, so they must have moved there in the early 1870s. Thomas, Sarah, David D., and Margaret (who married J.C. Whiteley) are buried near Georgetown, Texas. Mary married Bud Tabor and was last heard of in Louisiana in the 1920s.

David F. married Elizabeth Ruth Sheppard in 1887. Her parents were Joseph and Sarah Sheppard. The 1870 census lists them with ten children—two boys and eight girls. That is all I have located about the Sheppards. I would appreciate any information and be glad to share what information I have.—**Paul Weir, Route 1, Box 319, Copperas Cove, Texas 76522.**

Carpenter-Hardin

I am researching the Carpenter-Hardin line and strongly suspect that John Wesley Hardin was related to my great-grandfather, Joseph Carpenter, possibly as a first cousin. Joseph's grandfather was William Hardin, born in 1805 in Kentucky and died about 1875 in Mississippi. I would like to contact other readers who may be related to John Wesley Hardin.—**Annette Womack, PO Box 1320, Winfield, Louisiana 71483.**

Nix

I am looking for the names of the parents of my great-great-grandfather, Elisha Nix, born in 1802 in North Carolina. He was apprenticed to John Havers of Floyd County, Kentucky, to be a cabinetmaker.

On December 28, 1822, Elisha married Matilda Young. They lived in Lawrence County, Kentucky, where he sold his property in 1838.

In 1841 Elisha and family were living

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in Floyd County, where he sold a parcel of land. In 1845 they moved to Anderson County, Texas. From 1853 to his death in 1867, Elisha lived on his homestead on Spring Creek in Anderson County. I will answer all correspondence.—**Lucille Diment Campbell, 11226 Manzanita Road, Lakeside, California 92040.**

Slaughter

I am seeking information on the family of "Texas" John Slaughter, born October 2, 1841, and died February 15, 1922. He married a woman named Viola, and had a son named Willie. I would like to know if they had any other children, if John Slaughter had any brothers or sisters, or if Willie married and had any children.

I have found information on a John Frank Slaughter, who married Bessie Winnell Davis and had three children, J.F. Slaughter, Jr., Carolyn, and Dorothy. I have no birth, marriage, or death dates for them, or the area they came from.—**Judy M. Ritter, 417 North 11th Street, Guthrie, Oklahoma 73044.**

Basom

I am seeking information about my ancestor, Oliver Basom, who was known to have been connected with a gang of horse thieves around 1863 in Platte County, Montana. The sheriff of that county reportedly killed Oliver Basom while trying to arrest him.—**Jeff Basom, 1167 Irene Road, Lyndhurst, Ohio 44124.**

Brewster-Hatfield

I am seeking information on my great-grandfather Miller Brewster, who was murdered by Rudolph and Champ Fitzpatrick in 1883 at Neatsville, Kentucky. He was married to Diane Hatfield.

I would like to know where they and their people came from. I would like to hear from anyone with information about them.—**Maratha E. Leck, P.O. Box 283, Cleburne, Texas 76033.**

7

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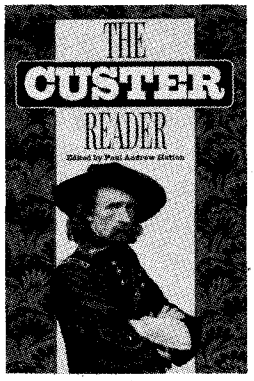

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The Death of Sheriff C.B. Whitney

—August 15, 1873; Ellsworth, Kansas—

By BILL O'NEAL

In 1873 a wild shootout erupted on the main street in the Kansas cattle town of Ellsworth. The principals included policeman Happy Jack Morco and Texas gambler-gunmen Ben and Billy Thompson, but the sole fatality was Ellsworth's most respected citizen, Sheriff C.B. Whitney.

Chauncey Belden Whitney was among Ellsworth's earliest settlers, having arrived there at the age of twenty-five in 1867, the year the railroad established the town. He was the town's first constable; he built the first jail; and at various times he served as city marshal, deputy sheriff, and county sheriff. Twice he sallied out of Ellsworth on expeditions against Indians. In 1868, along with fifty other "scouts," Whitney fought at the celebrated Battle of Beecher Island; the following year he was elected first lieutenant of a militia company which manned a blockhouse near Ellsworth to guard against Indian depredations. Respectfully called "Cap," Whitney was married, belonged to the Masonic Lodge, and was active in community affairs.

Born in 1842—the same year as Whitney—Ben Thompson was a gambler who had been embroiled in violent frays since adolescence. His younger brother, "Texas Billy," also was a gambler with a violent streak and a drinking problem even more severe than Ben's. Ben arrived in lively Ellsworth early in June 1873; Billy turned up a few days later. On June 11 the brothers were fined for discharging their weapons in the street.

On August 15, while running a game of monte in Joe Brennan's saloon, Ben lined up some side bets with a gambler named John Sterling, who agreed to split his winnings with Ben. Drinking heavily, Sterling won a large sum and left the saloon without giving Ben his share of the money. He then resumed drinking at another saloon with Happy Jack Morco.

Morco, semiliterate and a drunken brawler, earlier had killed four unarmed men in California and fled the state. Turning up in Ellsworth during its heyday as a railhead, Morco claimed to have killed a total of twelve men and wangled a job on the police force. About three o'clock in the afternoon of that August 15, he saw Ben Thompson stalk up to John Sterling and demand payment of the gambling debt. The drunken Sterling, seeing that Thompson was unarmed, struck him in the face. Before Thompson could retaliate, Morco drew his gun and forced Ben to back out of the saloon.

Sterling armed himself with a shotgun, and then spoiling for trouble, the pair found Thompson with a number of friends at Brennan's. Morco and Sterling spat out a challenge. "Get your guns, you damn Texas sons-of-bitches, and fight!"

None of the Texans was armed, in accordance with a town ordinance forbidding the carrying of firearms, but an enraged Thompson bounded off to his hotel room and seized his Winchester and six-gun.

Outside, Ben encountered his younger brother, who had grabbed a shotgun. Billy was staggering drunk, and just as Ben warned him to be careful, Billy pulled one of the triggers, nearly hitting Major Seth Mabry and Captain Eugene Millett with a load of buckshot that plowed into the boardwalk. Ben snatched the weapon and handed it to a bystander, then stepped out and bellowed, "If you, you damn sons-of-bitches, want to fight us, here we are!"

At that moment, Sheriff Whitney and a former policeman named John DeLong intervened and tried to cool off the Thompson brothers. "Come on," said the unarmed Whitney, "let's go over to Brennan's and have a drink."

By then Billy had recovered his shotgun, and as the four men walked toward the saloon, Ben and Whitney tried to talk him into again giving up the weapon.

Just as they reached Brennan's, someone shouted, "Look out, Ben!" Ben turned to see Morco and Sterling charging, guns in hand, with Happy Jack in the lead. Ben stepped out and aimed his rifle, and Morco ducked into the doorway of a store just as Thompson's slug crashed into the door casing in front of Happy Jack's face. Whitney followed

Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Sheriff C.B. Whitney, a noted Kansas pioneer, was in his thirty-first year when Texas Billy Thompson fatally wounded him in 1873.

Just as they reached Brennan's, someone shouted, "Look out, Ben!" Ben turned to see Morco and Sterling charging, guns in hand, with Happy Jack in the lead. Ben aimed his rifle, and Morco ducked into the doorway of a store just as Thompson's slug crashed into the door casing in front of Happy Jack's face.

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Ben and begged, "Don't shoot," but was himself trailed by Billy, who triggered the remaining load in his shotgun.

There was a deep-throated report. Whitney staggered, then collapsed. "My God, Billy," he groaned, "you've shot me."

"My God, Billy," shouted Ben, "you've shot your best friend!"

Billy mumbled something incoherent, and Whitney, according to one witness, replied, "He did not intend to do it; it was an accident. Send for my family."

Cad Pierce and Neil Cain, Texans who had been in the monte game that started the trouble, shoved money and a pistol at Billy and got him onto a horse. Ben said, "For God's sake leave town. You've shot Whitney, our best friend."

"I DON'T give a damn," retorted the drunken Billy. "I would've shot if it had been Jesus Christ." Billy finally rode out of town, cursing belligerently.

Ben stationed himself in his hotel room, but an hour passed and the police force could not screw up sufficient courage to come after him. Finally Mayor James Miller approached the gunfighter and ordered him to surrender his weapons. When Ben refused, Miller stormed out and fired the entire police force. However, Deputy Sheriff Ed Hogue persuaded Morco to give up his arms, whereupon Ben allowed himself to be taken into custody. The next morning Ben appeared in court to answer the charge of firing at Morco, but Happy Jack failed to show up and Ben was released.

After the shooting, the wounded Whitney was carried to his house two blocks away, and doctors examined his wounds. The load of buckshot had struck his arms, shoulder, and breast, piercing his lungs and lodging against his spine. He lingered in great pain for three days, then died and was given a Masonic funeral.

Within two weeks, Morco was fired. He continued to cause trouble in Ellsworth, and he was shot to death on September 4, 1873, by policeman Charlie Brown. Ben Thompson was assassinated in San Antonio in 1884. It was rumored that Texas Billy was killed in Laredo about 1888.

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Barbed wire did more than enclose pastures and turn beeves toward the end of the nineteenth century. It carried some of the first telephone conversations across the remote regions of the West.

The McKay brothers, Guy and Wallace, had a ranch way up in Handsford County, Texas, where the Texas and Oklahoma panhandles meet. Their ranch houses were fifteen miles apart, and communication consisted mostly of message-carrying, fence-riding cowboys. About 1898, the McKays realized something about barbed wire. Though it covered long stretches of lonely country, it eventually led to all the pockets of habitation. One particular stretch ran straight from Guy's house to Wallace's.

The McKay brothers ordered a couple of phone boxes from Boston. They didn't have to string any wire; they already had strand after strand of it running between their homes. They hooked the phone boxes to the top strand of barbed wire, plugged ground wires into

They hooked the phone boxes to the top strand of barbed wire, plugged ground wires into the earth to complete the circuit, and invited all their neighbors over to test the contraption. They all got a new thrill out of talking to relatives and acquaintances fifteen miles away, though the system tended to pick up a lot of static.

Illustration by BUD McCAULLEY

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the earth to complete the circuit, and invited all their neighbors over to test the contraption. They all got a new thrill out of talking to relatives and acquaintances fifteen miles away, though the system tended to pick up a lot of static from the ground.

The primitive barbed wire telephone could save ranchers and cowboys many unnecessary trips, and it didn't even come with a phone bill. Many ranchers began buying phone boxes, and even people in the towns hooked up to the barbed wire system.

No central station existed, so when a caller cranked the magneto on a phone box, sending an electric jolt through the wire, all the phones on the circuit rang, and everyone on the system might answer at the same time to find out who the call was for. To minimize the confusion, the barbed wire phone users developed their own specific sequences of long and short rings. To signal a particular household, callers had to crank a special ring sequence—two short rings, a long ring, and another short ring, for example.

COWBOYS who rode fence lines paid special attention to the top strand of wire to keep the phones in good working order. When the fence came to a gate or a barbed wire gap, ranchers installed a high fence post on either side of the passage. They then ran the top strand of barbed wire over the high posts so livestock and riders could pass underneath without breaking the phone circuit. When they had to make a splice in the top strand of barbed wire, fence builders wound an extra piece of wire around one side of the splice, crossed over the joint, and then wound it around the other side to make certain that a good connection existed through the splice.

Normally, the barbed wire telephone failed to function only when it rained. Wet fence posts grounded the system out. There was one other drawback. The fence-mending cowboy who happened to latch on to the top strand of barbed wire just as some ranch house resident cranked a magneto found out what it meant to get his bell rung.

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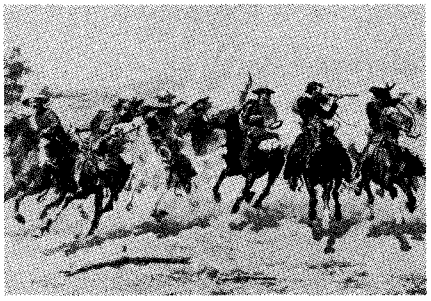

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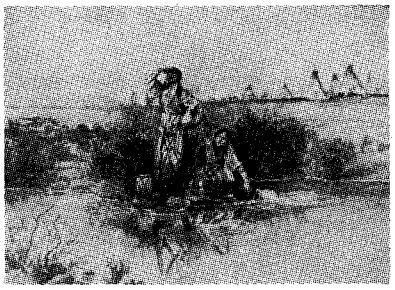

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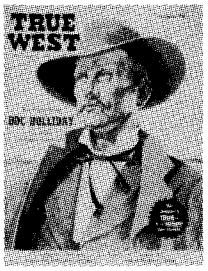

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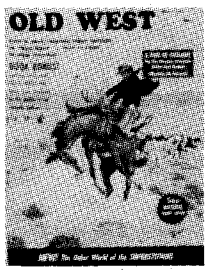

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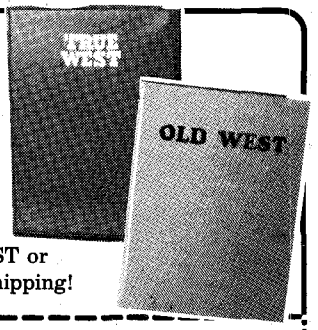

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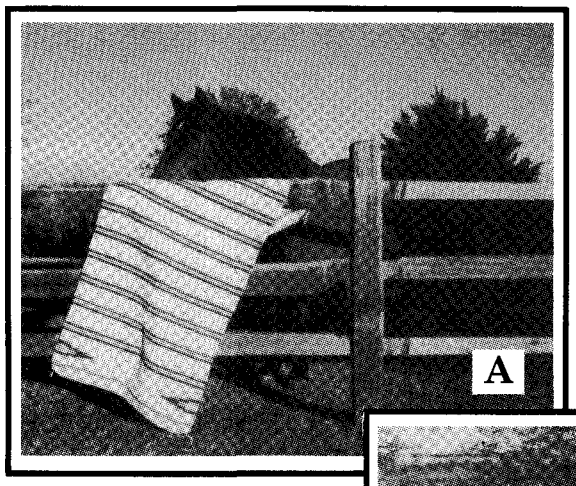

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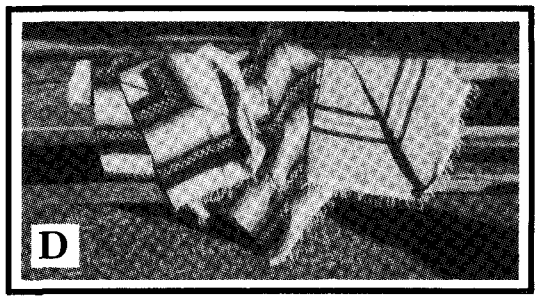

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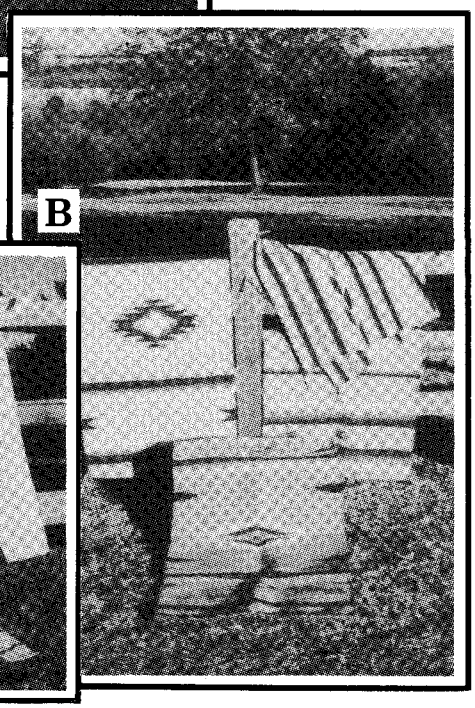

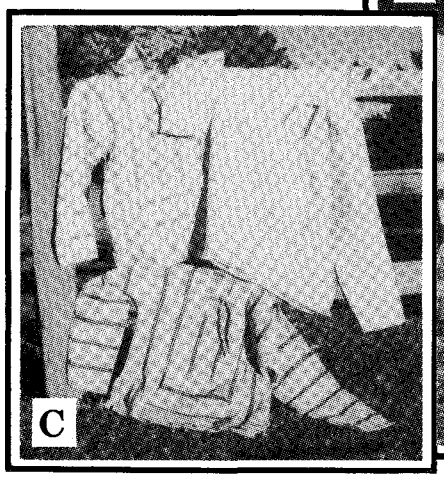

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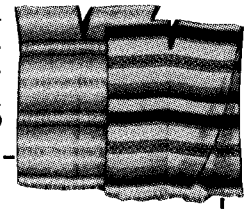

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